

The Sketch.

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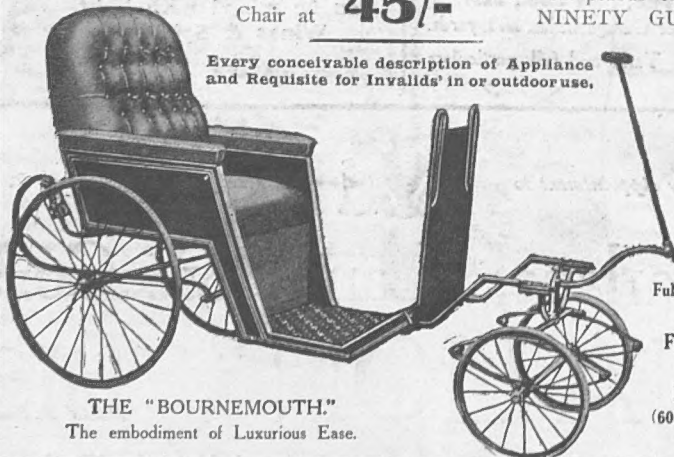
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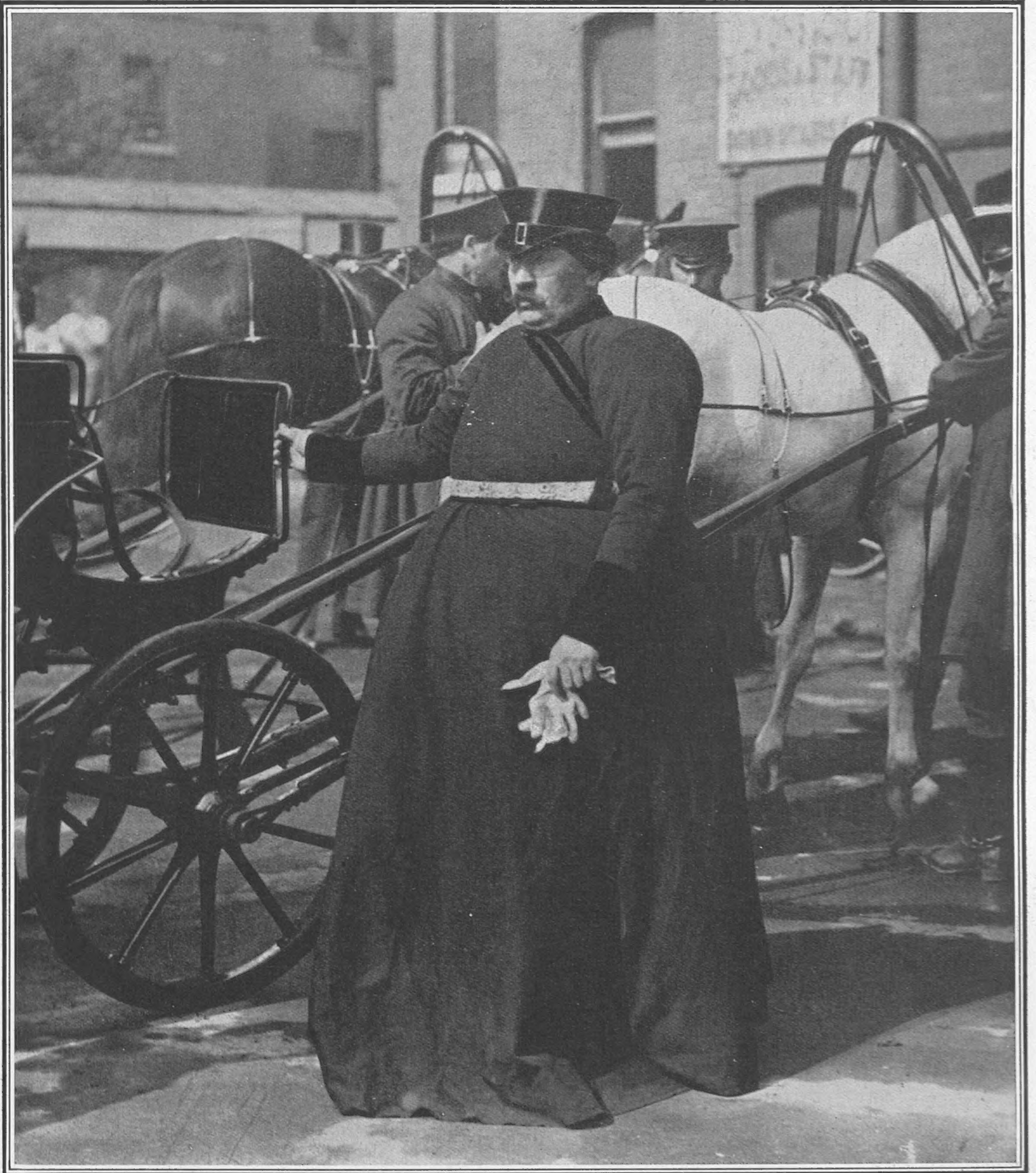
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The Sketch

No. 960. — Vol. LXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



PADDED TO EMPHASISE THE WEALTH OF HIS MASTER: A RUSSIAN COACHMAN
AT THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW.

The Russian coachman, almost invariably a bulky man by nature, is made to appear far bigger than he is by means of a much-padded coat. The idea is to show that the conditions of his service are such that he has little to do but live luxuriously and wax fat—the bigger the man, the richer the master.

Photograph by G.P.U.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



"THE MAYS" AT CAMBRIDGE

(With apologies to "A Foreign Visitor" in the "Daily Telegraph.")

CAMBRIDGE! Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge!

Why do I exclaim "Cambridge!" in that way? Simply to give you some evanescent glimmering of the tumultuous cataclysm engendered in my soul at the mere thought of this effete yet still torrid home of English culture! Cambridge! I am compelled to clasp my head in my hands as I say the word, and yet there is a deliciously intoxicating delight in staggering myself by the mere repetition!

Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! . . . There!

Everybody has described Cambridge. It is impossible to describe. I shall describe it.

AN AWFULLY OLD PLACE.

The first few hours I spent at Cambridge were saturated with odorous bewilderment. (I was sitting in a back room, knocking off my stuff about Margate.) What sounds, what scents, what revelations! Ivy, ivy everywhere! And bells, jangling away in honour of the Coronation May Week! It is good that the bells should jangle in May Week—good for the lithe-limbed rowers, good for the noble-browed students, good for the aged Professors bowed with the weight of their knowledge, good for me, good for the paper, good for everything and everybody.

FEARFULLY YOUNG PEOPLE.

So much for the bells. As soon as had I finished my Margate article, I went out into the streets after more impressions. I am, perhaps, the most impressionable thing that ever visited your shores. What impressed me about the moss-grown ways and alleys of this traditional fabric? Youth! Everywhere—Youth! Youth against a background of fossils! Youth looking down at me from worm-eaten windows! Youth hurling ancient lumps of sugar at me from the summits of crumbling towers! Youth cracking time-worn jokes as though they were new ones! Youth! Youth! Youth!

WHAT MAY WEEK REALLY IS.

May Week at Cambridge lasts a fortnight in June. This is well and fruitful. It was instituted, they tell me, for the benefit of those who have just been passing through the nerve-racking labours of examinations. Away with tomes, dictionaries, and quills! Elegance and wealth vie with each other for supremacy in every street! The young men of Cambridge, naturally, are all wealthy. Their parents are wealthy. Their brothers and sisters are wealthy. Their uncles, aunts, and cousins are wealthy. They can afford the best, and they see that they get it. That is why Cambridge, in May Week, is riotous with glittering silks and shining satins. Oh, my hat, the youthful joy of it! . . . (Dots after Wells.)

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE RIVER.

Now I am down by the river. What do I see? Boats! More boats! I have counted a thousand boats, and that should be enough for any editor. Yes, but what kind of boats? Nimble skifflets, leaping o'er the water, seeming scarcely to touch the surface. Punts, impelled by poles of a prodigious length. Canadian canoes, imported by Tariff Reformers at enormous cost. All loyal souls use the Canadian canoe in May Week—all but the mothers. No room for Mother in the Canadian canoe! Ah, youth! Ah, Cambridge! Ah, sunshine! Ah, water! Ah, trees! Ah, grass! Ah, everything!

GETTING READY FOR THE RACE.

Now we are preparing for the historic contest, the magical struggle for supremacy, the Light Blue Riband of the Cam! Listen

to the shriek of the steam roundabouts, to the hoarse cry of the milky-cocoa man, to the crack-crack of the crack shots at the shooting-gallery! The very Flower and Manhood of Cambridge whirls round and round on the giddy wooden horses, accompanied by young Duchesses, young Countesses, young Women! They know full well, all these dear ones, that the race must soon commence, but Life must be lived to the Full. It must—I give you *my* word!

THE HISTORIC CONTEST.

A gun! What does it mean? I leap into the air, taking care not to break the point of my pencil. What does it portend? The suicide of some heartbroken oarsman? No! Merely that the young gentlemen are handing their sweaters to the bargee. Another gun! More sweaters? No! They are started! They have embarked upon that fateful journey which shall bring joy to some, woe to others, a queer feeling inside to all! . . .

Here they come! I leap on to the shoulders of a convenient Don! He protests, but he does not really mind. I plant one foot firmly on his bald head! *Vive le sport!* They are getting nearer! I stamp with joy! . . .

How low are the boats in the water! This is because the mighty oarsmen, in their grim splashing, have nearly filled them to the brim! What if they sink! So much the more glory for the College! Joy for the dear old School! Ah, youth, where is thy Fling?

Two boats pass me. One is very near to the other, so near that I fear they will collide. Every muscle is taut, every man is rowing with all his might, even though the journey is nearly concluded! Nobody rests at all! It is very marvellous, very vivacious, very intoxicating, very bewildering! Even the little boy at the end throws his cap into the air as he urges his elder brothers to wilder and wilder efforts! "Faster, Harry! Slap her along, George! Splash about, Ernest!" Thus he cries, this stout-hearted lambkin!

Another gun! What does it portend this time? Has some patriotic maniac on the bank shot the captain of a rival boat? No! It is merely that his crew have won the Diamond Sculls, the greatest trophy of May Week, for the first time in three hundred years! He has immolated himself on the altar of sheer patriotic joy! Oh, youth! Oh, Cambridge! Oh, my socks and suspenders!

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED!

Now it is all over. See what a change has come over the erstwhile straining oarsmen! They look ninety. Their faces are ashen-grey, their hair has turned white, they fling themselves, victims of abject despair, to the very bowels of the little ship! Doctors hurry to the scene, for they know full well that these heroes have not long to live. Messages for Mother are hastily taken down on the bared backs of the survivors! Brandy is sprayed in all directions! Corpses bestrew the smiling fields or are tossed hither and thither on the ruffled bosom of the Cam . . .

JOY TO THE VICTORS!

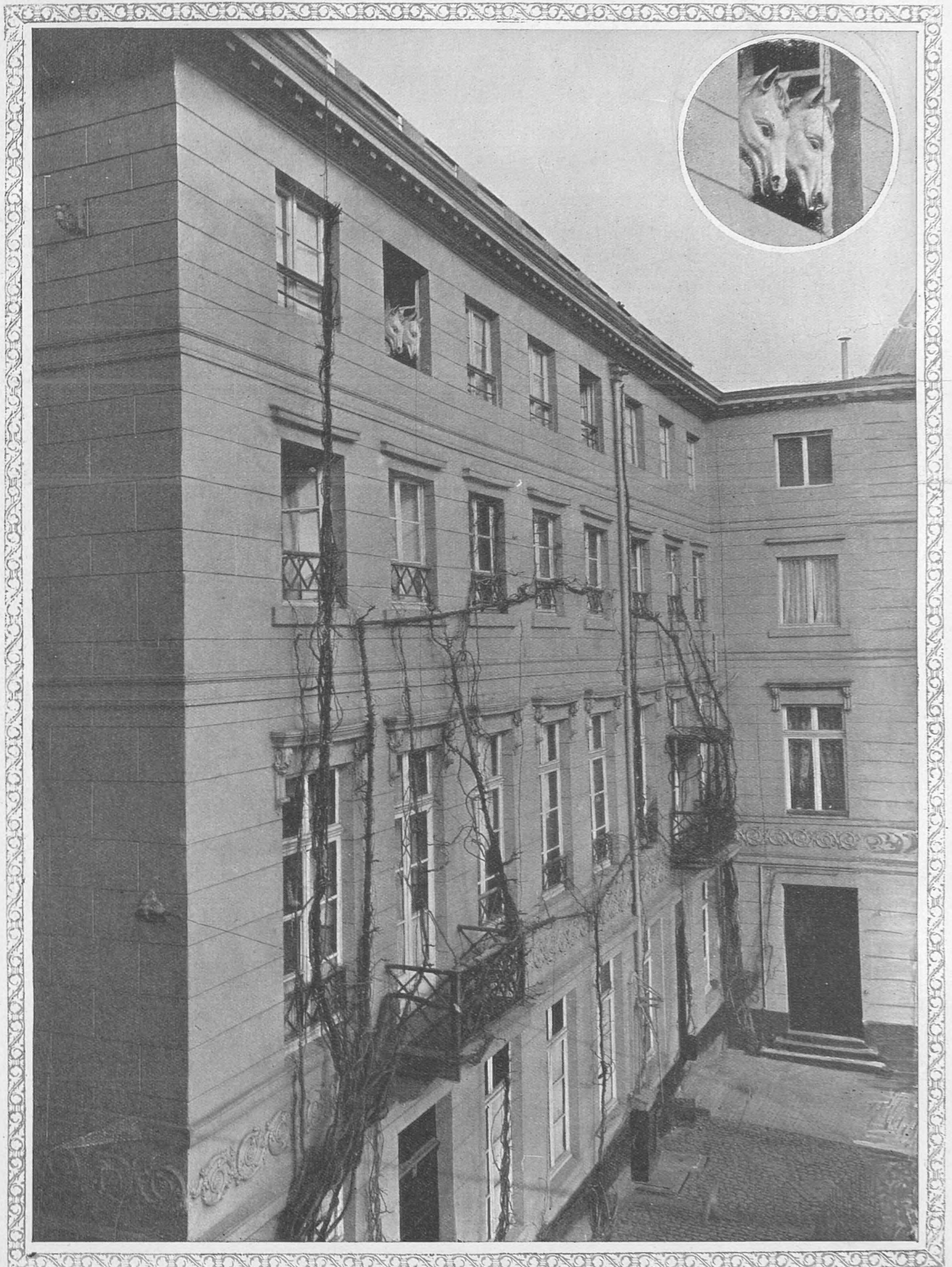
But let me turn to the brighter side of the picture. Though the vanquished die, the victors still live! They must celebrate their victory! The Diamond Sculls must be anointed with a libation of champagne, "extra wet"! The dead are gone, but the living still live. . . .

And now comes the soft hour of evening, when the Duchesses, the Countesses, and the Other Young Women leave the giddy roundabout to turn round about in the arms of their dear ones! Youth is all round about! I myself twizzle myself like a little roundabout! It is confusing to the head, but I am swept along in the spirit of revelry, and so I do it. (It will come extra when I send in my account.)

IN CONCLUSION.

Ah, Cambridge May Fortnight! What a splendid influence you have on these young lives, shaping the mind to thoughts of Imperial destiny, to longirostral memories of proliferous isochronisms!

RECALLING A WOMAN BURIED ALIVE: A PERMANENT "HORSE SHOW."



SIGN OF A CURIOUS LEGEND; HORSES AT A TOP-FLOOR WINDOW IN COLOGNE.

Our photograph illustrates a curious legend of Cologne. Once upon a time there was a *bürgermeister* of the town whose wife died and was buried. In the evening thieves, seeking to take jewels from the dead, opened the coffin. Now, it happened that the woman was not dead, but in a trance; and when the thieves broke into her burial-place she awoke and went to her home. There she called a servant, who ran in fear to his master and told him what had happened. The scared *bürgermeister* replied to this: "I would sooner believe that my horses were looking out of the top-floor window than believe that such a thing could be." Scarcely had the words left his mouth than he heard horses galloping up the stairs. In memory of this, and of the return of his wife, he had two horses' heads in stone set in a top-floor window of his house, where they remain to this day.—[Photograph by Boedecker.]

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS' FIRST APPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.

TWO OF THE THREE BALLETS GIVEN AT TO-NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE.

1. M. LEONTIEV AND MME LOUPOUKHOWA
IN A SCENE FROM "LE CARNAVAL."2. A SCENE FROM THE GALA BALLET—THE SORCERESS AND DEMONS;
MLLE. KARSAVINA AS ARMIDE IN "LE PAVILLON D'ARMIDE."3. TABLEAU FROM "LE
PAVILLON D'ARMIDE."

The Russian Imperial dancers make their first appearance to-night (June 21) at Covent Garden. The programme includes Tcherépnin's fantastic ballet in three tableaux, entitled, "Le Pavillon d'Armide," "Le Carnaval," a pantomime-ballet in one act, with music arranged from Schumann, and Borodin's "Prince Igor," a ballet with songs and chorus.—[Photographs by Bert.]

FROM THE RUSSIANS' FIRST PROGRAMME AT COVENT GARDEN.

"PRINCE IGOR": A BEAUTIFUL CHORAL BALLET.



A Tableau from "Prince Igor."

"Prince Igor," in which (among other works) the Russian Imperial dancers appear on their first night at Covent Garden, is a composition of Borodin's. It is described as "dances Polovtsiennes avec chants et chœurs." The singers, like the dancers, are all Russians.

Photograph by Bert.

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THE CLUBMAN

A City of All the Nations.

Did Rome in its palmyest days ever gather within its walls representatives of as many peoples as London holds to-day in its Coronation week and its Horse Show fortnight? I fancy not. Standing one day last week in a bow window which looks down on Piccadilly, I took note for a minute or two of the constituents of the wonderfully varied crowd which ebbs and flows all day long through that great artery. There were men in black coats and in country suits who might belong to any of the nations, and ladies in fashionable attire, and shop-girls and servant-maids. There were men in scarlet uniform and scout hats—that broad brimmed headgear that Baden-Powell has adopted for his Boy Scouts—and men in green uniform with numerals on the front of their caps, and Highlanders wearing Tam-o'-Shanter hats with a feather in them, and Guardsmen who did not belong to Great Britain, but came, I fancy, from Canada, and cavalry men with a silver maple-leaf on their sleeve, and other soldiers differing a little in cap and badges and belts from those of our Home Army; and a German dragoon in uniform, one of the grooms over here for the Horse Show, and a cluster of Sikhs in mufti, some of the suite of one of the Rajahs, and half-a-dozen Indian native officers in khaki. If all these outlanders and men of the nations passed me in three or four minutes what must be the number of strangers who go down the street in a day? If one stands still for a moment anywhere in Piccadilly Circus and listens to the voices, one hears a wonderful mixture of tongues. French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians have all thronged into London for the Coronation, and during the past week the American accent has become very noticeable in our midst. The thousands of Americans who have been waiting in Paris to come over here at the last moment are now with us, and their speech adds to the hundreds of idioms to be heard among us.

Vanquished, but Not Disgraced.

The King bade goodbye to the British team of polo players when they started on their journey to America to make their attempt to recover the International Cup, and it is to be hoped that Great Britain will give them a warm welcome on their return; for though they have not brought back to us the coveted cup, they have done very well on behalf of their mother country, and have proved that we have players with skill and with combination equal to those of that wonderful American team, and that if we can send over again as good a combination of men with better ponies there is no reason why we should not win back the trophy. There were many experts who made their voices heard who did not believe that Captain Hardress Lloyd could bring his men into a perfect combination in the time allowed them for practice. He accomplished this feat thoroughly. If the very rich and very influential men who are interested in polo will see that the next time a British representative team goes to America they take with them the best ponies available in Great Britain, Meadowbrook should next year see even finer

games than it has seen this year. No shadow of complaint on either side has marred the good feeling between the nations in this year's contest, and polo remains, as it is to be hoped it will ever remain, a game free from any taint of advertisement or of professionalism.

The Maharajah of Patiala.

It interested me much on a recent Saturday at Ranelagh to find myself amongst a group of businesslike-looking Sikhs preparing to mount their ponies for a game of polo. They were the team whom the Maharajah of Patiala has brought over with him, composed, I fancy, of officers of his Imperial Service troops—at least, it seemed to me that I remembered a grey-bearded Sikh amongst them as having led a squadron of his Highness's cavalry. The Maharajah must be a fine all-round sportsman, for there are not many Indian princes who can play back and captain their polo team, and can captain a cricket team as well, which is what Patiala is doing now in England. I think it must have been a brother of the present Maharajah who was a very prominent figure in sport in India during the time I was there. The Maharajah of those days was a short spare little prince, who tied a big handkerchief under his chin and over his turban when he played polo, and wore great goggle glasses. All the caricaturists in India sketched him in this attire, and he enjoyed the pictures of himself just as much as his friends and acquaintances did.

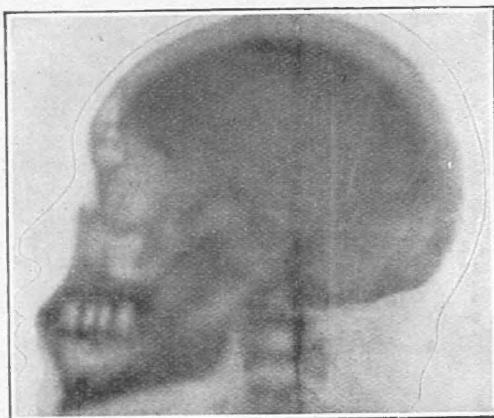
Champagne of the Second Zone.

There seems to be no possibility of pleasing the vine-growers and the vineyard hands of the Aube district except by calling their wine "champagne," without any qualification to it. They object as strongly to the "second zone," now to be put on the label, as they did to the indignity of its being described as "sparkling wine." The latest move of the Aube men is quite Irish in its inconsequence. They have hoisted the German flag over some of the public buildings in the district, and profess themselves ready to receive the Kaiser with open arms if he will come as a conqueror. In the old bad days, before the Irish peasants had become a happy nation, all drawing old-age pensions, a favourite Irish song used to run, "Oh, the French are on the seas, says the Shan-van-vogh"; and the Irish used to fancy that they would like to be under the Lilies of France or the Tricolour, until the French tried to land. The Frenchmen of the Aube would be more angry still than they are now if their wine had to be labelled "German Champagne," and put on the market under that title.

A Prison Indian Compound.

The Indian officers at Hampton Court are in a camp surrounded by a corrugated zinc

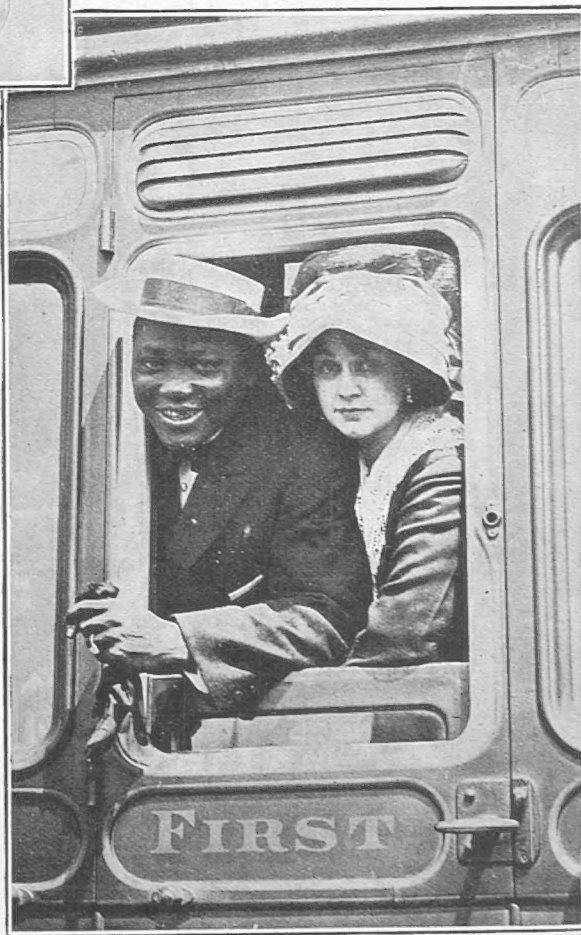
wall. One of them said it was like a prison compound; but that native officer, being new to England, had no idea to what lengths an English crowd will go to satisfy its curiosity. The prison compound is not to keep its inmates in, but the public out.



THE SKULL IT TOOK THE X-RAYS FIVE AND A-HALF MINUTES TO PENETRATE INSTEAD OF THE NORMAL FIFTEEN SECONDS: A RADIOGRAPH OF THE HEAD OF JACK JOHNSON, THE GREAT BOXER.

It takes the X-rays from five to fifteen seconds to penetrate the skull of the ordinary human being; to pierce the skull of Jack Johnson they took five and a-half minutes. All of which means that the famous boxer's skull is an asset of exceptional value. It was found, indeed, that Johnson has a skull protection of from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and that the occipital adhesion is "equal almost to that of a Harveyised nickel turret." The average man's skull is from one-eighth to one-half an inch thick. Johnson's brain-cavity, it should be noted, is larger than that of the average man.

Photograph by Syndicate Features.



CAUSING ALMOST AS MUCH SENSATION AS THE CORONATION: JACK JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE, WHO ARE NOW IN ENGLAND.

Jack Johnson and his wife are in London for the Coronation festivities, and their presence here seems to have aroused almost as much interest as the Coronation. The great boxer, indeed, has found it difficult to move about at times, so dense has been the crowd of his admirers. An amusing story (American) is being told about Johnson's rings. On one hand he wears a great emerald, on the other a large ruby. Asked why he did this he is said to have replied that, being dark, he was difficult to see on a dark night, and so carried starboard and port lights.

Photograph by Topical. (See Article elsewhere.)



THE most notable plate of Messrs. Downey's exhibition of royal photographs at the Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, is undoubtedly one taken a year ago at Windsor Castle of no fewer than nine reigning monarchs. Nine times nine are the decorations hanging on their breasts, but the glitter of orders and the multitude of ribbons were only minor problems in the making of the picture. Here was a group to whom no photographer could offer advice; a group, for once, that was allowed to group itself. The problems of precedence, attitude, expression not seldom come up for decision by a versatile photographer, but here was ground too delicate for any man's interference, unless the Earl Marshal himself had stood beside the camera with his wand of office. Fortunately, royalty is well versed in the art of sitting; so that the picture is none the less successful because the figures are not ranged exactly as Mr. Downey or the Duke of Norfolk might have been inclined to place them. The German Emperor, let it be noted by his critics, resolutely refused to come to the front, or even to take a chair. With the expression of determination that is a characteristic of his photographs rather than of the living face, he stands in the back row.

Then and Now. Several other portraits at Clavier Hall are vastly interesting at the present time. The large group taken on the King's and Queen's marriage day shows how exceedingly slight the changes wrought by the passage of eighteen years may be. The pictures of the principals in this group, and those taken of them since King George's accession, differ only in minutiae.



A MACGILLYCUDDY—OF THE REEKS;
MISS NANCY MACGILLYCUDDY.

Miss MacGillycuddy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John MacGillycuddy, of Co. Kerry, is to be presented at the Court to be held by their Majesties in Ireland.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

forts. The very bunting was annoying! The long day of her coronation, she said, had been extremely fatiguing: "The going a long distance at foot-pace with the peculiar swaying motion of

a gala-carriage, the constant bowing to right and left, and the quantities of flags and draperies waving above and around had been peculiarly trying." But an Empress's troubles do not necessarily make her aware of other people's. "When I spoke of the church and the tribunes with no seats," relates the Ambassadors, "she was quite indifferent, evidently didn't think it mattered whether we were tired or not—and I don't suppose it does."



LORD RAGLAN'S SECOND DAUGHTER,
THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET, A
DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR.

Miss Frederica Somerset was born in 1891, the second of Lord Raglan's three daughters. Her elder sister, the Hon. Ethel Somerset, was born in 1889; her younger sister, the Hon. Ivy Somerset, in 1897. She has three brothers. Her mother was Lady Ethel Jemima Ponsonby, and is a sister of the Earl of Bessborough. (Photograph by Swaine.)

Change is more marked in some of the accessory figures—the little fair-haired girl crouching, in a charmingly child-like attitude, at the feet of the bride is now herself a Queen and mother, and a copy of the photograph is preserved among the treasures of a Spanish husband. A picture of Queen Alexandra, swathed in pearls and supremely beautiful, on the day of her coronation, reminds one that every Englishman expects the camera to do its duty again this week.

The Chief Actress.

A Queen has confessed to presentation sickness, caused by the constant curtsying of women, and the wave-like motion of their trains. And there are other and equally unexpected sufferings for the principals in every regal drama. The Russian Empress who was crowned in 1883 confided to the French Ambassadors that even a processional drive has underlying discomforts.

moderate price, once the ceremony is over; and some of them may yet cross the Atlantic with the curio-hunter.

Abbey Cellars.

The champagne that is said to be in readiness somewhere round the corner for the exhausted participators in the Abbey ordeal will flow in vain for many of the principal actors in the ceremony. The Gold-Sticks have sticklers for little intervals for refreshment during their five hours afoot. Perhaps the less convinced teetotalers among them will relax their rule for the great occasion; but others will go thirsty and faint rather than indulge. The O'Connor Don, Ireland's Standard Bearer, has made a niche for himself among temperance crusaders by the boldness of his attack upon the Irish traffic in alcohol. His petition to the Roman Catholic Bishops that they should permit meat on Fridays would have been by no means unpopular if he had not suggested that the loss of one penance should be redressed by the institution of another. Let meat be eaten, he pleaded, but make abstention from intoxicants on Friday part of the discipline of the Church. The conditions of modern life seem rather to favour the suggestion in the eyes of many.

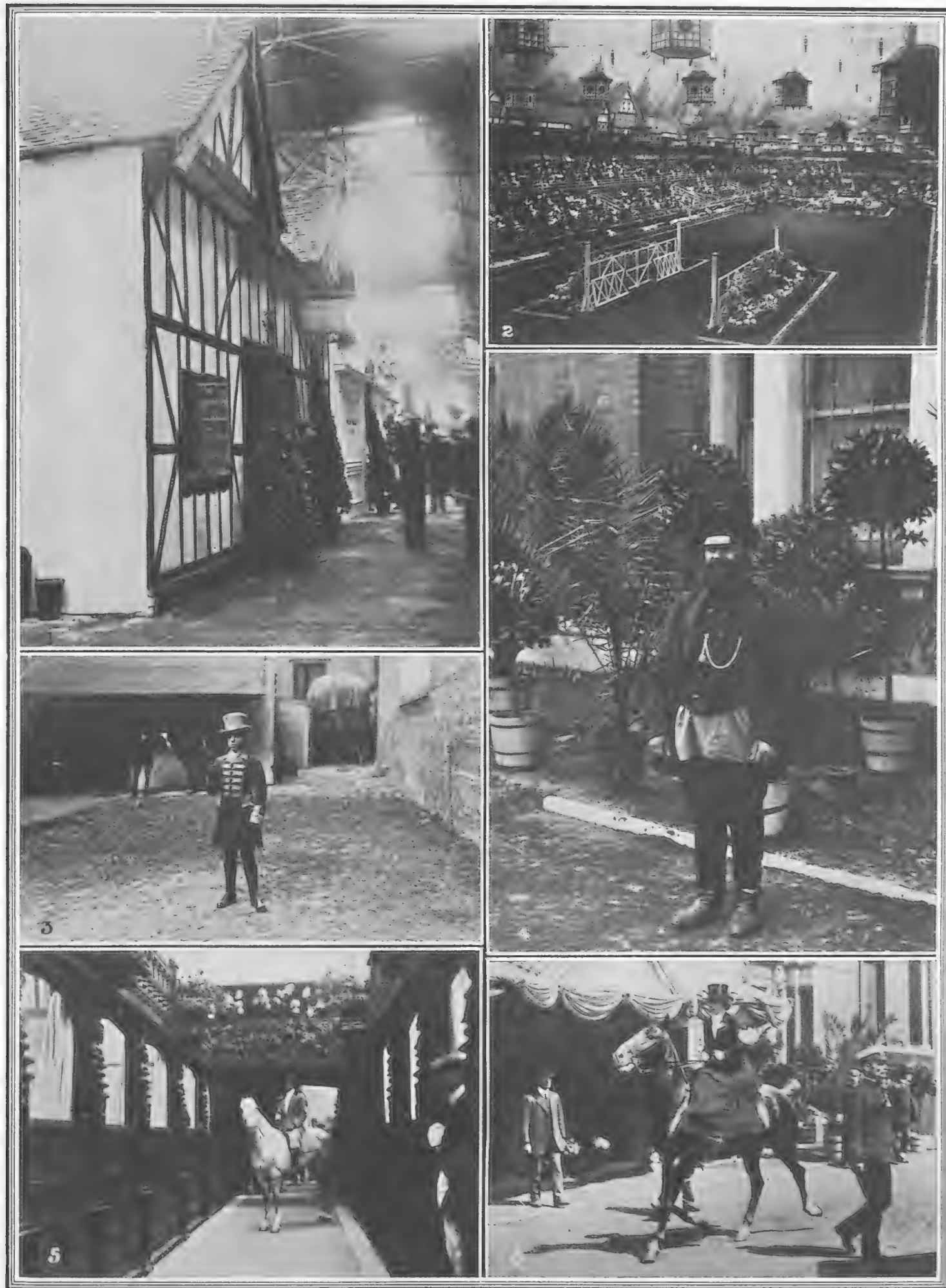
Coronation Souvenirs. "Wood-spoilers" is the name the Coronation carpenters have earned for themselves among bus-drivers and followers of other observant professions. The name suggests a pertinent inquiry: What will become of all the spoilt wood? It is unlikely that Americans will carry home scraps of seatage as mementos; there is too much of it to allow of its ever becoming desirable as a curio. Neither will the hunting be rare enough to serve the turn of collectors. The truth is that the average visitor will perforce be content with the ordinary mementos of commerce, of which plenty will be hawked upon the streets. The occasion is too peaceful to offer a profusion of relics. Battlefields are better hunting-grounds for men like Mr. Pierpont Morgan or his neighbour in Princes' Gate, Sir Robert Baden-Powell; and to secure a policeman's helmet—at one time the most admired trophy of any undergraduate's rooms—it was necessary to plan a street-row. There have been many descriptions of the ill-fitting and insecure headgear of the Peers. But, whatever other discomforts may attend their wearers, there will be no raids upon them. If, however, a purchaser comes along, coronets will be obtainable at a very



WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR IN SOCIETY,
MISS DAISY DE POMEROY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A SHOW IN A £60,000 SETTING: A COTTAGE FOR HORSES; AND OTHER FEATURES OF THE GREAT OLYMPIA SHOW.



1. AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE FOR HORSES: THE REMARKABLE STABLES OF MR. DUNN'S EXHIBITS.
2. OLYMPIA AS AN ENGLISH VILLAGE: THE ARENA DURING THE JUDGING.
3. THE CHAMPION COACH-HORN BLOWER: HORACE CLARK, WHO BEAT THE EX-CHAMPION, CHARLES TUPPER.

4. "MR. WALTER WINANS' RUSSIAN DRIVER IN ORDINARY COSTUME: MR. WINANS BEAT RUSSIAN TEAMS IN THE PRESTASHKA, OR "GALLOPING MAT" EVENT.
5. OLD OAK STALLS: THE INTERIOR OF THE HORSE COTTAGE: THE OAK FITTINGS ARE ALL ORIGINAL AND OF THE OLDEST.
6. A NOTABLE EXHIBITOR: MISS VAN DUZER EXERCISING JOHN, EARL OF QUORN.

£60,000 was spent on the staging of the Coronation Year Horse Show. The arena was made to represent an old English village, and one of the most interesting features was the splendid stable accommodation shown by Mr. Dunn, an eminent Canadian. His stables took the form of an old English cottage. The oak was all old and had been taken from ancient houses and stables. The stable was open to all visitors and surpassed all precedent in gorgeousness of equipment.

Photograph No. 1 by Topical; Nos. 3, 5, and 6 by Sport and General; No. 4 by W.G.P.



CUFF COMMENTS

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

SOME professors in Paris claim to have reduced all the sounds in all languages to forty-five. Rubbish! Anyone who is a bit off his game can make more noises than that in a couple of holes at golf, and that without being in any way famous as a linguist.

PERFECT PANAMA.

Things are so perfect in Panama
That the women are bored to death,
And long for a casual jolt or jar,
So the New York *Tribune* saith.
They yearn for the country where things go wrong
Some hundreds of times a day,
Where the perfectly perfect is not too strong,
But perfectly U.S.A.



Now, all my knowledge of
Panama
Is based on "canal" and "hat";
But both, so far from perfection, are
Considerably off the mat.
For the hat blows off at the slightest puff,
And as for the halting-way,
To call that perfect is rather rough,
Though perfectly U.S.A.

Massa Johnson has come over to England
with, among other things, two quarts of jewels.
There is something gorgeously
"Sumurun" and "Kismet"
about these eight half-pints.
And quarts of jewels, you will
notice—not jewels of quartz.

Fashion's latest dodge is to
fix a little looking-glass into
the hat, so that a girl may see who is admiring
her from behind. And, incidentally, what impres-
sion her harem skirt is making on the rude little
boys.

Persons we are bound to see in the Coronation
Procession crowds—Number One: the Male Idiot
who throws lighted wax-matches down where they
are safe to set fire to something inflammable.

Number Two: The Female Idiot who comes
out into the crowds with hat-pins a yard long stick-
ing out of her hat on
all sides, and blinds
her neighbours at the
most interesting mo-
ment.



Paper hats and paper bonnets are
recommended for the onlookers in the
streets, but the fashion papers issue a
warning that it will be considered more
bazaar than *chick* to wear the paper bags
used for cookery.

The policeman's lot *will* be a happy
one! The mem-
bers of the force
are to be provided
with chemical
thirst - quenching
tablets during the
processions. So, when you see the left
cheek of P.C. X bulging, you will know
that it is neither a boil nor a bull's-eye,
but that he is silently drinking the King's
health in a tablet.

Just a reminder to the Man Who Knows
that he must not call the carriages of Peers
"State coaches." "Dress" coaches are used
by Peers; "State" coaches only by Am-
bassadors and Lord Mayors. It is just these



little dabs of useful knowledge that prevent the talkative man
in a crowd from becoming a bore.

Lord Kitchener knows something of
railways; but, after all, he only gained his
experience in the Soudan and South Africa,
so it is very kind of the S.E. and C.R. to
let him see how a great line comes into
London. Perhaps, if he shapes well, the
battle-scarred War-Lord Haldane will one
day let him see a couple of hours of real
warfare at Aldershot.

The *Jiji Shimpō* (quite right, a Japanese
newspaper) has been publishing a series of
maxims showing its readers

how to live to be two hundred years old. Over
here people take no interest in living for two hundred
years, but if any paper will show them how to get
£200 a year for nothing it will have the largest
circulation in the world.

Who's Who. — President Taft's brother, Mr.
C. P. Taft, who is over here for the Coronation,
has never burst a try-your-weight
machine.

THE CORONATION.

("Och, if myself should live to be a
hundred, sure it's the proudest day that
I'll have seen!" — Mr. Barney Maguire
on the Coronation of Queen Victoria.)

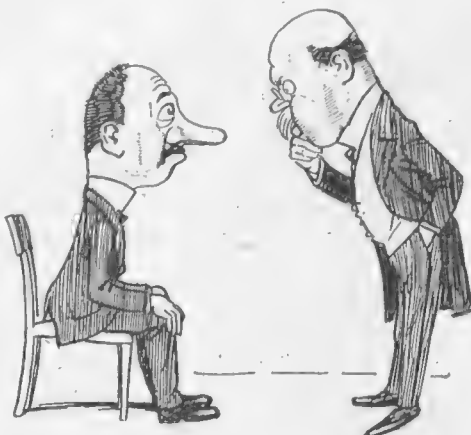
"Och, the Coronation!
What celebration
For emulation
Can with it compare?"
Flowers beautifying,
Mottoes dignifying
London town, and flying
Banners everywhere!

Young and old hooraying,
Drums and trumpets braying,
Bands of music playing
Up and down the street:
That is my impression
Of the grand procession,
For I've not possession
Of a first-class seat.

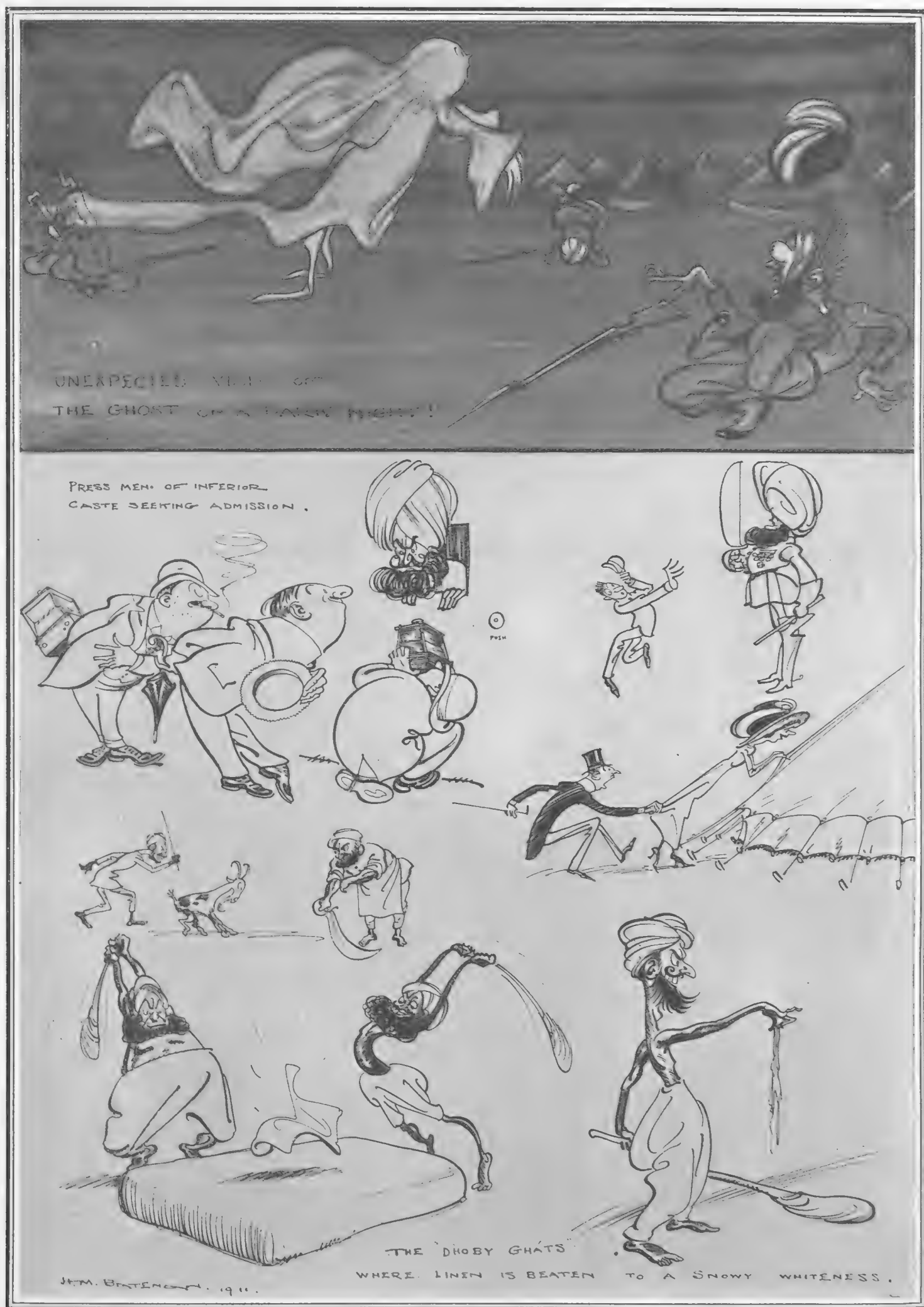


The French
Cabinet is going to
divide the bubbly-
jock of Eastern France into two
classes — Champagne wine and
Champagnised wine. He will be
a plucky man who dares ask a
waiter for the second class at a
public dinner—though he may get
it without asking for it. And to
make matters worse in this year of
all others, here
is the cheap and
cheerful goose-
berry imitating
the vine by con-
tracting a sort
of phylloxera of
its own, called the sclerotinia, or "dieback."
That which was once laudable ambition has
now degenerated into slavish imitation.

Nasology, or the delineation of character
from the shape of the nose, is being boomed
as a new science. It depends what you call
"new." Shakespeare had one or two remarks
to make on Bardolph's nose, and Old Simon
the Cellarer was not exempt from comment.



INDIAN IMAGININGS: AT HAMPTON COURT CAMP—PERHAPS!



BY OUR PASSLESS ARTIST: THE INDIAN CORONATION CONTINGENT IN CAMP.

It will be seen that our Artist, not having the pass without which none may enter the camp of the Indian Coronation contingent at Hampton Court, has let his imagination run riot. Lest he be taken too literally, we may point out that the camp in question is a model of organisation. And much organisation was required, for Mussulmans, Sikhs, and Hindus have all to be dealt with separately, that their religious and social laws be not broken. The Indian contingent will undoubtedly be one of the most popular features of the Coronation proceedings. The ghost whose visit is suggested by our Artist may be taken as that of Jane Seymour, Catherine Howard, or Mrs. Penn, according to taste.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Henry VIII." Sir Herbert, with his revival of "Henry VIII.," did what all the world seems mad to accomplish—"achieved a record"; so it is natural that the drama should find a place in his Festival, and almost unnatural that it is not running during the whole of the Coronation season. Like the rest of the craft, I see no reason to write at length concerning this reproduction so soon after the original season. Enough that Sir Herbert presents his Wolsey—one of the most remarkable figures in the whole of his gallery—and does wonders in catching the sympathy of the audience at the sudden change of the character; and there is Mr. Arthur Bouchier, whose beard, according to scoffers, has been the chief feature of the revival. Yet how little great things matter in this world, for his Henry was quite as impressive with the sham beard as with the real one. Miss Laura Cowie once more is charming as the unlucky Anne, and Mr. Basil Gill presents the pathetic figure of the Duke with great dignity.

A Bold Play. "A Married Woman" is the kind of play one expects to see at the Stage Society, and expects gladly. Ordinary managers would shirk it, although, well acted, it might make money; but it does not appeal to them, for there are no "star" parts, and in place of "star" parts come ideas. No doubt the repertory theatres will accept it and pay something to Mr. C. B. Fernald, by way of author's rights, for a work of very considerable merit and courage. I thought it would be attacked in several of the papers as immoral; but when I looked for attack, I found silence, with one exception; where it was derided as being an experiment in Shavian playwriting, though neither in structure nor idea does it in any way resemble the work of Mr. Bernard Shaw. No wonder some people were shocked, for they misunderstood the piece and assumed that its message was "Down with marriage and up with free love," just as they have imagined that the author of "A Doll's House" approved the conduct of Norah in deserting her children and her husband. Most of the public, like the old-fashioned doctors, insist on regarding symptoms as diseases. "A Married Woman" could be described in a way that would frighten nine-tenths of our playgoers, who would expect to see a dull problem-drama; whereas, in fact, it is a very witty, diverting comedy, dealing seriously with some aspects of married life, and not the less effective as a pamphlet because it is very funny as a play. The squabbles of old Mr. and Mrs. Temple—cleverly acted by Mr. A. S. Homewood and Mrs. Tapping—were very amusing, for the pair were well balanced and sharp-tongued; and, though he won most of the rounds, there were effective contests. The "scraps" between their daughter Alice and her husband Henry were entertaining; in this case Mr. Fernald, with great ability,

showed how the young couple succeeded, after much strife, in finding a real basis for a happy conjugal life. This was quite a notable achievement of the author. The characters were very cleverly represented by Miss Nannie Bennett and Mr. Frederick Lloyd. The hero, heroine, and her husband were not quite as successful; they gave one rather the impression of being made to order; still the lady, as embodied by Miss Grace Croft, was interesting, and the actress showed considerable ability, though certainly at times she was a little indistinct in speech. The husband, a violently comic person, proud that he had never changed an opinion during his lifetime, was cleverly played by Mr. Hubert Harben. Altogether we had an excellent performance of a very clever, interesting play.



"THE CRUCIBLE," AT THE COMEDY: MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS MARY SHRAWARDINE.

A Dickens Drama. The coming Dickens Centenary could hardly have been neglected by the stage which he loved so well and served so little. In choosing a version of "Dombey and Son" for the first of the Dickens pieces at the Savoy Theatre, Mr. Robert Arthur has, no doubt, been affected by the knowledge that no version of the book has been seen in London for many years. What a criticism upon adapting Dickens lies in the fact that on a former occasion the most successful character was Captain Cuttle, whilst in Mr. Metcalf Wood's version the Captain is omitted! And so, too, is Paul Dombey, the "son" of the book's title. It may fairly be said that Mr. Wood has worked cleverly in his effort to accomplish the impossible task of preparing a satisfactory stage version of the novel. The play, as compared with the book, may be like a collection of some of the limbs and organs of a corpse stitched together compared with a living man; but this is inevitable. Whatever the value of the piece as a work of art, it certainly served to interest the audience and enable the players to achieve some triumphs.



Mary Shrawardine (Miss Evelyn D'Alroy).

Mark Melstrode (Mr. Henry Ainley).

Kenyon Shrawardine (Mr. Owen Nares).

"THE CRUCIBLE": THE MOMENT AFTER KENYON SHRAWARDINE HAS THREATENED TO SHOOT HIS SISTER AND HIMSELF TO SAVE THE PAIR OF THEM FROM BEGGARY AND DISGRACE.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

The Acting. Miss Evelyn Millard may be regarded as an ideal Edith, who looked superb, and played her somewhat melodramatic scenes admirably. What roars of applause after she had thrown down the diamonds! Mr. Clifton Alderson, if a little Pecksniffian, acted Dombey very well. One wanted more of the clever Toots of Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm and the Joe Bagstock of Mr. Louis Calvert, and the ingenious Mrs. Skewton of Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Mr. O. B. Clarence, the Lord Feenix, gave a very nicely finished performance. Mr. Frank Randell, perhaps, did not make the Carker altogether convincing, but he acted with considerable skill. Moreover, among the others one ought to name the Sir Barnet of Mr. Charles Sugden, and the Lucretia Tox of Miss Nellie Bouverie. Consequently, with so much excellent acting, this clever misrepresentation of Dickens pleased the audience greatly.

AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL OF GLORIES TO BE: RUSSIAN BALLET-MAKING.



A RUSSIAN BALLET IN MUFTI: A REHEARSAL, WITH MME. KARSAVINA.

The Russian ballet is due to make its first appearance at Covent Garden to-night (the 21st). In the photograph the chief figures (from left to right) are M. T. Stravinsky (composer), M. M. Fokine (Maitre de Ballet), and Mme. Karsavina. The ballet will appear at the Gala performance at Covent Garden on the 26th in "Le Pavillon d'Armide," Mme. Karsavina being seen as Armide. The Dramatic School at St Petersburg, at which the dancers are trained, owes its being to the Empress Anna, who, deciding to have a ballet of her own, employed the ballet-master Landé, and, professional dancers being unknown, had noble military cadets taught dancing. Later, Landé gave lessons to poor girls and boys, an enterprise which resulted in the Empress paying for the education of the young dancers and giving them quarters in the Palace. By 1802, the dancing cadets were no longer necessary.



QUEEN MARY recalls more vividly than many of her contemporaries the twenty-second days of other Junes. There is good reason why her Majesty's memory should be fresh for this day, four-and-twenty years ago, when Queen Victoria kept her Jubilee. A lady's description of the occasion tells that it was a glorious summer day: "I was awakened by the dull rumble of carriages and people on the move; I thought they must have forgotten to call me. But though the Park was full of carriages, men in uniform, and women in full dress, it was only 6.30 a.m." And later: "The cheering was tremendous as the Queen passed. Also Princess Mary of Teck was greatly cheered. They love her, and she looked so happy and smiling as she acknowledged the salutation. She has such a gracious manner to everyone." Queen Mary was then

opened the school-room window and threw me out a scarlet petticoat, saying, 'There, mother Anne, is a petticoat for you; I made it all with my own hands.'" Queen Mary does not, as would happen in a perfectly ordered world, get her robes woven by the Queen's fingers in return for her girlish charities. The truth is, no modern Queen, and least of all so busy a one as herself, could cope with the extreme difficulty and tedium of the task. The skill of the old man in Sudbury who has been responsible for much of the splendour of Queen Mary's Coronation dress is hardly to be matched in England, although it is claimed that another worker in the same field is his close rival. Only a few weeks ago Sudbury was visited by a fit of despair: after considerable labour on the robe it was declared by the authorities to be of a too creamy tint; the weaving was all to be done over



WIDOW OF THE THIRD BARONET:
LADY MUIR-MACKENZIE.

Lady Muir-Mackenzie, whose marriage to the late Sir Alexander Muir-Mackenzie, the third Baronet, took place in 1871, was Miss Frances Rose Moncreiffe, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, seventh Baronet.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

a girl at her mother's side, learning in the best school the way to the nation's heart. And the graciousness of her bow, by the way, has lost nothing in the interval.

The Night Before. The six-thirty record of that year will be totally eclipsed this week. The Court coiffeurs declare themselves ready to start work at 3 a.m.; and bed-rooms that overlook the highways towards the Abbey will be disturbed by the rumble of traffic and the tramp of feet long before the comfortable hour of a Jubilee morning. Anxiety will, of course, be the cause of



A BRIDESMAID AT THE WEDDING OF MISS MILLICENT JAMES:
MISS HELEN GOUDY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

many absurdly early risings: the Peeress with a cool head—dressed the night before—and a cool-headed coachman who knows how much the police can manage for people who *must* get through, will allow nothing to break her small hours into yet smaller fragments. Lord and Lady Derby count upon the good sense of most of their circle; their party on Coronation eve is not for friends who are flurried.

In Queen's Attire. A portion of an old servant's testimony to Queen Mary's kindness, quoted in Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke's Life, runs as follows:—"Once when I was out in the stable-yard cleaning, Princess Mary

gathered one of the most brilliant as well as one of the largest gatherings of even 1911. Everybody was there: Mr. Winston Churchill and the unresentful Duchesses, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Stickney, Lady Newborough, Lady Brassey, and uncountable others. Miss Muriel Wilson, all in white, save for one sleeve of her dress, which was black, was told that only a poet or a prophet could hope to understand the symbolism of her gown. She receives, by the way, a compliment at a poet's hands in Mr. Alfred Austin's newly published autobiography. True, it is in prose, but perhaps that does not in this case much lessen or vary the pleasure that it gives.



FOURTH DAUGHTER OF LORD DE RAMSEY:
THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES.

Miss Fellowes is the youngest of Lord and Lady de Ramsey's four daughters. She was born in 1888.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ONLY CHILD OF LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX:
MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX.

Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, only child of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, was born in 1887. Her father is the elder of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's two brothers.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

again, with exquisite results, in immaculate white. The fleeting despair of Sudbury's master-weaver was a young bride's opportunity. Soon she is to be married in a dress of the fabric that nearly helped to make a Queen.

In the Park and the Lane. Without and within Dorchester House

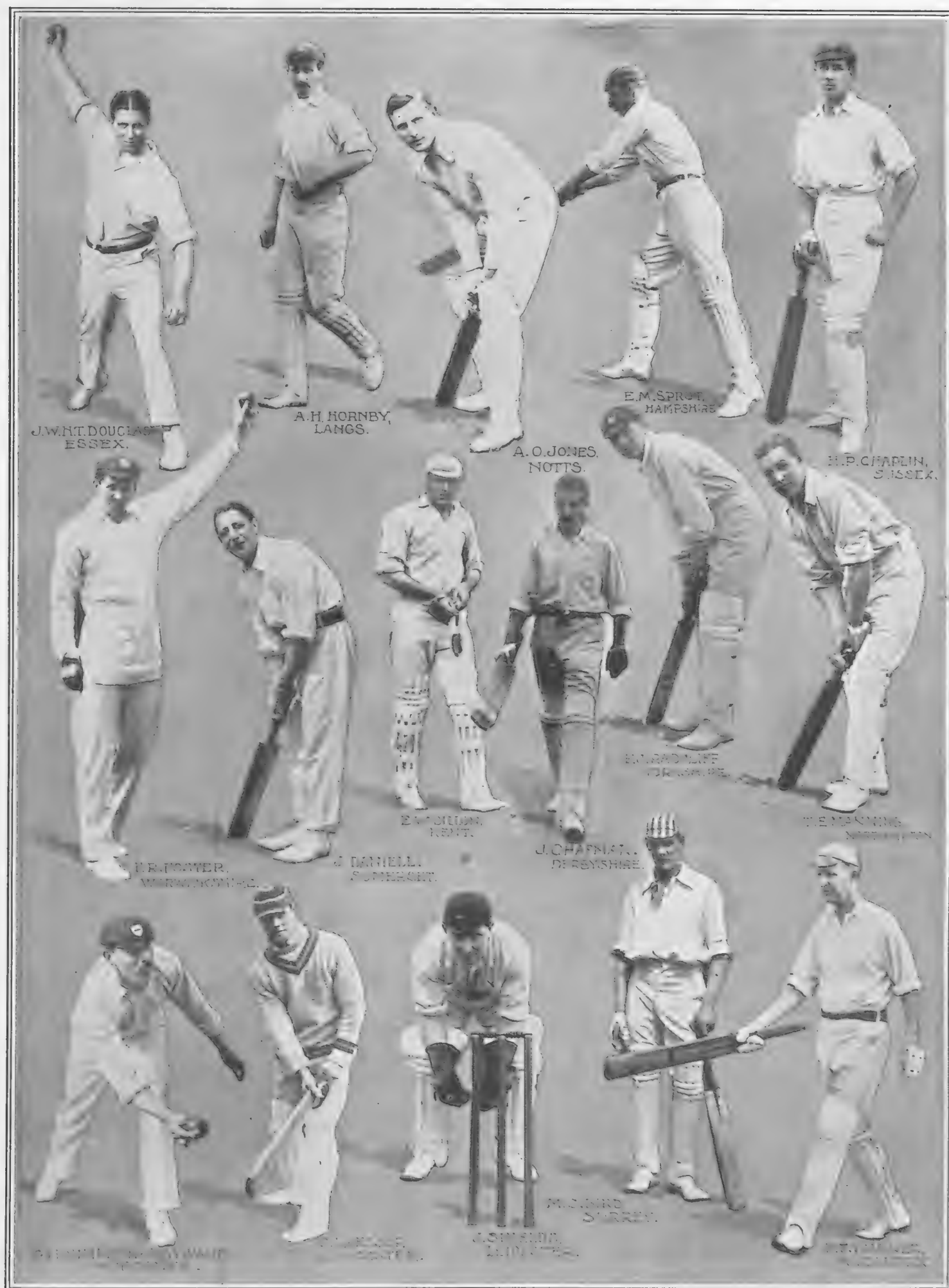
is one of the principal trysting-places of the season. Opposite its gates, in the Park, chairs are spread forty deep, because there is no other spot where anyone is as pleased to sit; and within its portals, the spread eagle overhead, the American Ambassador's ball the other night



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD HERTFORD:
MISS WYNNE ISMAY.

Miss Ismay is the daughter of Mr. J. H. and the late Lady Margaret Ismay. She is a debutante of the season.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

CORONATION-YEAR CAPTAINS: THE "CHIEFS" OF THE COUNTIES.



CRICKETERS TO KNOW AND WATCH: THE CAPTAINS OF THE COUNTY CRICKET TEAMS.

The Coronation-Year Captains should be of special interest, both by reason of their own eminence in the world of cricket and the fact that they are in office in the year of the crowning of the King. It is evident, too, that the Prince of Wales is "keen" about the national summer game: did he not go to watch the veteran cricketers play Charterhouse School at Cumberland Lodge almost immediately after his investiture as a Knight of the Garter the other day?

Photographs by Sport and General and T. G. Foster.



THE Gala performance at Covent Garden on Monday evening next is the topic of the hour alike in musical and unmusical circles. Interest is world-wide; we hear of millionaires from the fastnesses of the Antipodes who cabled to offer tremendous sums for the privilege of participating in the function;

we are told of a waiting list numbering hundreds—so long, indeed, that if all who have taken seats elected at the eleventh hour to remain away there would be enough people waiting to fill the house over again. We hear of the elaborate decorations of the house itself, of the plans to give the utmost effect to what is safe to be a scene of splendour hardly rivalled in the history of Covent Garden. There is a musical programme too; there will be an act from three operas, and there will be a ballet. The music has been chosen to give a chance to as many of the best singers as possible and to all the conductors.

Properly considered, the occasion is not a musical one—music is but an important adjunct to a social gathering; but there is no ground for complaint here. There are hours in the life of a nation, as in the life of an individual, when it feels at its best. For a brief period nation or individual ceases from striving, surveys the fruits of its own work, and finds them good to

Musicians of the more austere type may complain of the breaking up of three operas and declare that the procedure is inartistic, but this argument is beside the mark. Opera in itself is of no importance at such a time; the only thing that matters is that the best singers and dancers should come forward in appropriate rôles and that they should be heard at their best. They are not there to do honour to the composer or even to attract attention to themselves; they are present to intensify a great hour in the life of a nation. It seems ridiculous to say that these excerpts from operas bring music into discredit; on the contrary, they give music a certain prominence in the affairs of life that is highly pleasing. We are apt to forget that music, like painting and poetry and the rest, is one of the arts that exist for the service of man. Books are written about the Coronation, pictures will be painted: music must play its part, not only on the religious side in the stately Abbey ceremonial, but in the festivities that follow when the burden of actual labour is lightened. For a few hours the part that opera plays in the lives of a section of the public receives due acknowledgment.

If there is anything wanted to complete the occasion, it is a British composer. One would desire to discover a Briton whose opera is worthy to take its place by the side of the work of Verdi, Gounod, and the rest, to find his opera equipped with the same melodic beauty and an equal emotional content. There is already something to be grateful for; the number of British artists taking part in the Gala performance is greater than it has ever been, and one of the conductors, Mr. Percy Pitt, is an Englishman. Here is a

step in the right direction; but it is not too much to hope that in the near future, when some other gala performance calls for a single act from the work of several composers, there may be a British opera of which the merits are not to be denied. The Continent would remain welcome to the lion's share of the honours, to three-fourths of the programme, but for the rest a little British heaven would be very soothing to the national pride. Happily, there is no reason to doubt that the Grand Opera Syndicate is ready and willing to welcome the unwritten work, and to give it the best possible chance. The general public would be delighted. There is just a little disappointment in the thought that when music comes to take its place in the lighter hours of a great and significant celebration, it comes, not from those who are most intimately concerned with British achievement, but from composers to whom Great Britain was or is an alien land.—COMMON CHORD.



TO PRESIDE AT THE ORGAN DURING THE CORONATION SERVICE OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY: DR. WALTER ALCOCK.

Dr. Alcock presided at the Abbey organ when King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra were crowned, and will perform similar service at the Coronation of the King and Queen. His chief appointments are Organist and Composer to his Majesty's Chapels Royal, Assistant Organist of Westminster Abbey, and Professor of the Organ at the Royal College of Music. He has composed the new "Sanctus" which will be used at the Coronation. He studied under Sullivan, Stainer, Bridge, and Prout. Before holding his present appointment he was, in turn, organist of Twickenham Parish Church, Quebec Chapel, and Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

Photograph by Jones and Son.

see and sweet to taste. Gala night is the outcome of one of these occasions. A mighty and prosperous nation has celebrated a great patriotic event, it is on the best of terms with itself. For the time being it forgets all cares—the political strife, the social problems, the foreign outlook, the price of Consols, and all the other preoccupations of ordinary seasons. A selected few come to Covent Garden as guests of the Court; the rest of the audience, dressed in its best, assembles to support the occasion and to pay tribute, however silently or unwittingly, to the success that Great Britain has achieved. For a few hours men and women will be feeling at their best, and it is really to enhance this feeling of satisfaction—a feeling legitimate and seemly enough at such a time—that they will listen to selected music. It has been chosen cleverly to justify the occasion and to deepen the feelings that the hour has produced.

It is to music that men march cheerfully to death; it is to music that they approach the most solemn hours of their life. Their own marriage even, in many cases their funeral ceremonies, demand music. No less than music was demanded for the rush of Highlanders over the Dargai heights. The national celebration demands sweet sounds, and this Gala performance gives music its official recognition in order that the emotions born of a great occasion may be duly heightened. Drama would not suffice; it is not in the telling of a story but in the creation of an appropriate atmosphere that the extracts from opera and ballet will have their effect. The martial mood of "Aïda," the lyric rapture of "Roméo et Juliette," the humour of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," these are the proper accompaniments of the hour, and the abandon of the dance will put a fitting close to them.



APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN IN THE PLACE OF MME. KOUSNIETZOFF: MME. LIPKOWSKA.

Mme. Kousnietzoff being obliged by doctor's orders to cancel her engagement in London, Mme. Lipkowska, of the Grand Opera House in Paris, has been asked to take her place at Covent Garden. Mme. Lipkowska, who has been heard in New York as well as in Paris, sings the leading soprano rôles in such operas as "Roméo and Juliet," "Lakmé," "La Bohème," "Traviata," and "Lucia di

Lammermoor.—*Photograph by H. de Mrosowsky.*

THE VOX HUMANA!



THE NEW ORGANIST: What shall I play?

THE ABSENT-MINDED VICAR (*addicted to a quiet rubber of bridge*): Er, well, what sort of hand have you got?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



By THE EDITOR OF "THE GRANTA."

The May Races. Of course the great outstanding feature of the end of the term has been the May Races. The weather was exceptionally good this year, and this means far more than those who read the bare lists of bumps which appear in the sporting Press are apt to realise; for May Week at Cambridge is the biggest social function of the year. All the Tripos and other examinations are over. By the time the first race starts even the unhappy men who spend an agonised fortnight in taking Natural Science papers have struggled through their last day's confinement in the stifling laboratories. The undergraduate emerges from the Examination Hall, flings aside his gown, puts on his most philosophic pipe, and awaits the arrival of his people.

Oxford and Cambridge. I understand that those who dwell by the Isis rather pride themselves upon the generous proportions which characterise their city. The streets are broad and the river is broad. Oxford men are prone to hold up these things before Cantabs and are accustomed to regard them as objects which we should envy. It would, of course, be entirely useless for Cambridge men to deny

great that the most strenuous efforts of the engines are unable to achieve an inch of progress. Then comes the moment when the owners of the motor-boat are compelled to take measures which shall relieve them of the crowd which has attached itself to their craft, and so enable her again to make headway. The whole affair is splendidly good-humoured and is, moreover, magnificent fun. The punts, of course, are the most likely to come to grief. They are difficult to propel and are apt to swing round across the stream and present their broadsides to the crowd of boats which is usually following behind them. Collisions are inevitable, and there is sometimes a considerable danger lest the punts may heel over and become swamped. Accidents, however, are, in reality, exceedingly rare.

Ditton Corner. Before this wild and highly diverting scramble, however, the boats have been massed thickly along the bank at the famous Ditton Corner, there to watch the eights go by at what is probably the most critical point of the course over which they row. A strip of water is carefully kept clear, but even then coxing is no easy matter in the narrow space allowed. The interval between the races of the Second and First Divisions is devoted to walking up and down Ditton Paddock. If you are young you here seize the opportunity of proposing, under cover of the vast crowd, to a fair damsel whom you probably met for the first time yesterday. If you are old you spend the time in greeting friends. In either case the minutes pass very quickly and you enjoy yourself very thoroughly. The spectacle provided by the barges on the river at Oxford during Eights Week may be exceedingly brilliant and animated, but I am sure that it is not more so than Ditton Corner on a clear June afternoon in "May" Week. The narrowness of the Cam, therefore, has its compensations, after all.

The Last Few Nights. The last two or three nights of term have been devoted to a bewildering whirl of balls and concerts, during which young Cupid must have



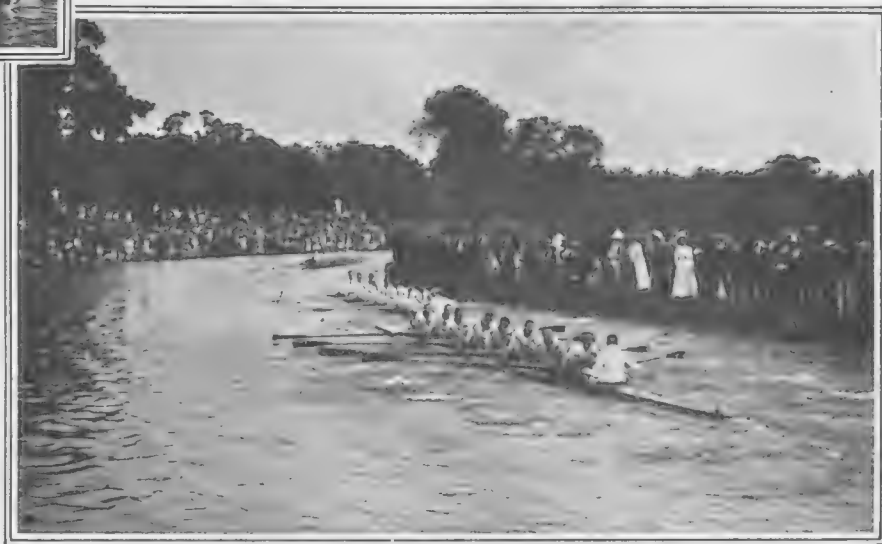
THE "MAYS" AT CAMBRIDGE: THE SCENE AT DITTON CORNER.

Ditton Corner is the favourite spot for watching the "May" races, being situated at a sharp bend of the river, so that the crowd on the outer bank can command a view of two reaches. Moreover, the angle of the stream makes it a good place for a boat to bump the one in front as it turns the corner, so that many of the most exciting moments of the races can be seen there. This year there was a particularly gay crowd, owing to the brilliant weather.

Photograph by Stearn.

that many Cambridge streets are extremely narrow and that the Cam is not as broad as the river at Oxford. We are far, however, from regarding these things as disadvantages. Oxford men have been heard to state that they do not wear their gowns at night because Oxford streets are so broad that the Proctor cannot detect offenders who pass him by on the other side. The course pursued by the Cambridge man is far more exciting. If he is traversing the streets at night without his gown, and suddenly walks into the arms of a Proctor, he turns and runs. His appearance at such a moment may not be as dignified as that of his gownless and undetected brother of Oxford, but he has all the joy of leading two pursuing bulldogs a desperate dance through a maze of narrow streets, and finally, if he has luck, shaking them off half-a-mile from the spot where they started. The Proctor, for some reason, does not consider it part of his duty to join in chases of this sort. Every Cambridge man who appreciates a sporting effort would certainly refuse to exchange the narrow streets of his University town for the broader thoroughfares of Oxford.

Isis and Cam. The Oxford man, owing to the breadth of his river, is enabled to watch the races in Eights Week from a palatial barge. The Cambridge man, however, scorns luxuries of this description. He either rows his people down to the races in a college tub, or is forced to hire the slower and more cumbrous punt. This means, perhaps, a good deal of hard work, but who would miss the glorious scramble back again after the races are over? Everybody endeavours to unship everybody else's rudder, whilst unhappy motor-boats are seized upon by vast crowds of tubs, punts, and canoes, until the weight of the mass behind becomes so



THE SUMMER RACES AT CAMBRIDGE: JESUS, NO LONGER THE HEAD OF THE RIVER, KEEPS AHEAD OF TRINITY HALL.

Perhaps the chief feature of the races was that First Trinity dislodged Jesus from the headship of the river. The bumps this year were fewer than they have been for some years. In point of fact, they were only thirty, and no crew got their oars for making four bumps. Several eights managed to score three.

Photograph by Stearn.

been subjected to a severe spell of overwork. When you have got a degree and are just about to start out in the world for yourself, why shouldn't you give your fancy free play and persuade yourself that you are at liberty to fall in love with every pretty girl you meet? Why should you trouble to remember that if you are an average man, with your own living to make, it will be many, many years before you can gain a position and an income which will enable you really to think of matrimony? You are just finishing three years which will probably prove to have been the most glorious of your life, and that in itself is a sufficiently depressing thing if you care to think about it. If you are refused, what does it matter? You have all the fun of proposing again to another girl. If you are accepted, and find you are both really serious about it, then you have provided yourself with a sufficient incentive not to lose time in achieving success in the world which awaits you.

DONALD HOLMAN.

WON — BY A NECK!



WHITE BESS, NICK DURPIN'S FAVOURITE SWAN, SAVES HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE POWER UP THE GIFTIE.*

FROM Wimbledon to Mayfair, and from Mayfair to Bath, Mme. Pierre de Coulevain has been observing us. For three months she sensitised her brain to these delicately humorous and touchingly intuitive images of our country which form the nucleus of "L'Île Inconnue." While engaged on an analysis of Englishwomen, she has some friendly laughter for the missionary tendency peculiar to them.

"The Anglo-Saxon woman is not merely a woman; she is an apostle." If this be so, the Englishwoman may claim a sister missionary in her charming critic. Setting out with the motto "Ich dien," she regards herself as an agent of Providence between the two nations. What feminine propagandist on the grey, heavy side of the Channel could take herself more seriously?

The characteristic meeting between Mme. de Coulevain and Edith Baring occurred at an hotel in Monte Carlo. The friendship resulted in a visit to Wimbledon, where Edith's family occupied a typical villa. It is reproduced for us and for France by a pen worthy of a nation that has given us Flaubert and Maupassant. "Between the four walls of the St. Olaf house, those four walls completely covered with flowers and foliage, everything is to be found that is necessary for people of refined habits and tastes." A house has a soul, and "I was not long in realising what the St. Olaf one is like. . . . It is very old, very rigid, and very narrow on the mother's side; modern, thirsting for freedom, and open to ideas on the children's side. . . . It seems to me neither poetic, artistic, nor sentimental, but tender and human, refined through centuries of good education—well born, in fact."

Many subjects arise for discussion during her month here, and they are pursued while dining with her hostess, strolling on the common, or visiting. She finds that "English people never really look what we call English, except on the Continent." We lose our air of eccentricity in our own country. But she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter when witnessing a ladies' tennis-match. "Ah, no, a Frenchwoman would certainly never consent to disjoint herself like that, even if it were to win paradise." Our love for our animals receives a generous tribute; she has seen King Edward take his dog out for its morning walk round the Place Vendôme, just like an ordinary mortal. But she continues to marvel, very naturally, that, esteeming race in animals as we do, we are yet the people who most easily

make *mésalliances*. "An Englishman who would only ride a thoroughbred, and who would not be seen out with a mongrel dog, would marry a barmaid or a third-rate actress."

Meditating in St. Olaf, while the family have gone to church—"The Bible," she exclaims, "what an accumulator! . . . The Bible is certainly the corner-stone of the British Empire. It ought to

figure in its arms, between the lion and the unicorn. It is to be found everywhere. One day in London I had missed a train and had to wait several hours in the drawing-room of the Great Western Hotel. There were only three books to look at, and, strangely enough, they represented the three great forces of the nation. The three books were 'The Shipping Annual,' 'The Trade Annual,' and the Bible. In France we should not find the Bible in one of our terminus hotels. The Frenchman does not know the Bible. To him it is suggestive of narrow-minded Puritanism, moroseness, and physical ugliness."

When shopping in the West End (the ugliness of Regent Street always strikes her afresh), she has "a sensation of coldness and of commonplaceness, such as I have never felt in the Louvre, the Bon Marché, nor even in the most insignificant of our shops. The French put something into their work which ennobles it—a little art, a little of their own soul." She considers our window-dressing a proof of our primitive taste. "The shops look as if their owners had merely unpacked into the windows." She thinks Englishwomen should dress in England, for they do not wear French dresses well. Their clothes for travelling or sport she finds excellent, but their visiting and evening wear betrays "ridiculous affectation and a morbid imagination." As to our *lingerie*, it lacks finish, and our artificial flowers are crude. The Englishman, she says, pays little attention to the dress of woman. He does not appreciate her elegance.

This delightful *causerie* is continued at Claridge's, where she stays after her Wimbledon friends come into their inheritance and shake the suburban dust from their feet. Tea on the Terrace of the House, drives in the Park, and the latest Gaiety production become true entertainments in her company. She has a charming appreciation of Phil May: "No one ever drew wretched people and silly people as he did." Whether she grows

enthusiastic over our hospitals, or pokes fun at our snobbishness, one loves her, and, feeling oneself beloved, the parting at Bath becomes a very regretful one. It only remains to thank her and her translator for the gift of self-knowledge so delicately given.



A GRAVE AS A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND OTHER ILLS: THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE REV. PATRICK DILWORTH, SHOWING CRUTCHES LEFT BEHIND, JAM AND OTHER JARS IN WHICH HOLY WATER WAS BROUGHT TO THE TOMB, AND PIECES OF CLOTHING ON THE STONE.

In North Kilmurray, some twelve miles from Cork, is a grave to which certain country people still make pilgrimages, believing that they will be cured of rheumatism and other ills. On the grave a number of sticks and crutches have been left. The pilgrims bring with them holy water carried in cups, jam-jars, or something of the sort. These they leave on the burial-place. They are accustomed, too, to tear off a part of their clothing, which they leave, in most cases, on a thorn-bush by the grave. The tombstone bears the inscription, "Erected by a friendly hand to the memory of the Rev. Patrick Dilworth. Died Jan. 1833, Aged fifty-six years."

their work which ennobles it—a little art, a little of their own soul." She considers our window-dressing a proof of our primitive taste. "The shops look as if their owners had merely



HAY STREWN OVER THE FLOOR OF A CHURCH: A QUAIN CUSTOM OBSERVED AT BRAUNSTONE, NEAR LEICESTER, ON "FEAST SUNDAY."

On the Thursday before "Feast Sunday," a meadow known as "the Holme Meadow," in the parish of Aylestone, is mown, and on the Saturday a load of the hay is taken by the parish clerk, who, removing it to Braunstone village church, has it strewn over the aisles. After the festival, the clerk claims the hay. The origin of the custom is not known, but it is thought that it had its beginning in the times when the floors of churches and houses were of earth and covered merely with rushes, times in which there took place each year the ceremony of rush-bearing, the villagers going in procession to the churches to strew the floors with new rushes.—[Photograph by F. Lunthers.]

* "The Unknown Isle." By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated from the French by Alys Hallard. (Cassell and Co., 6s. net.)

CARNEGIE HOUSE ?



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY — THE FINEST SLEEPING-PLACE IN THE WORLD.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE MATCHMAKERS.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

WITH her feet resting on the fender, Mrs. Veralour sat staring thoughtfully into the fire.

"It does seem such a pity," she murmured, "that a couple so exactly suited to each other shouldn't be encouraged."

I gave a non-committal grunt, and lit a cigarette.

"Don't you think so?" she persisted, raising her eyes to mine.

"H'm," I said, feeling an answer was more or less imperative.

Mrs. Veralour gave an exasperated sigh.

"Oh, you've no sympathy for anybody," she declared tartly, "since your own engagement."

"I received no encouragement," I pointed out; "at least, Elizabeth swears I didn't."

"Is Elizabeth coming this afternoon?"

"What an unnecessary question!"

"Because you are here? You're the most conceited man I know."

"No, because you're here. You're the least conceited woman I know."

Mrs. Veralour gave a vexed, yet subtly pleased smile.

"For goodness' sake, do be sensible," she urged. "A poor old widow woman!"

I smiled. A smile is the jewel of conversation. It means just whatever it is taken to mean.

Elizabeth selected this opportune moment to put in an appearance. Opportune because even the most intentional smile must eventually fade into speech.

"We were just talking," I began, "about——"

"About Gladys and Jack Henderson," Mrs. Veralour interrupted me. As if I had intended saying anything else.

"What have they been doing? Have you drunk all the tea, Dick? Has he, Mrs. Veralour?"

"They haven't been doing anything; that's the trouble. Shall I ring for a larger cup, Mrs. Veralour? She'll empty one of these before you know where you are."

"I won't; don't be so rude. One lump, please, Mrs. Veralour. Thanks, Dick. Well, what about Gladys?"

"Well, it's this way," I commenced.

Betty gave me a martyred look.

"Do be quiet for a moment. May he smoke?"

"I have been smoking," I remarked. "As a matter of fact, I only threw my cigarette away because Mrs. Veralour thought I looked too contented."

"I didn't say anything of the sort, Elizabeth," cried Mrs. Veralour indignantly.

"I didn't say you did," I retorted. "I said, you *thought*. You don't listen."

"Oh, be quiet. Go on, Mrs. Veralour."

Mrs. Veralour put down her tea-cup.

"I was telling Dick——" she explained.

I reached out with my foot and kicked Elizabeth gently on the ankle. Mrs. Veralour saw the movement and stared at us in amazement.

"Whatever's that for?" she demanded.

"Nothing," said Elizabeth. "You are an idiot, Dick. Oh, well, I suppose it's because you've never called him Dick before."

"Did I really? I mean Mr.——"

"I don't mind," I said cordially. "In fact, I rather like it. Proceed."

Mrs. Veralour smiled maternally.

"It's only because I haven't thought, I haven't called you Dick before," she declared

"You're too brazen, Mrs. Veralour. Isn't she, Betty? Fancy putting the 'Mister' down to thoughtlessness."

"Well, as I've been trying to tell you," went on Mrs. Veralour, "I was telling Dick——"

I drew myself up in my chair with an air of great propriety; but Mrs. Veralour refused me even the concession of an emphasis.

"About Gladys and Jack Henderson," she pursued.

"Why, aren't they engaged yet?" said Elizabeth.

"No. That's what I'm coming to. They're such a suitable couple; don't you think we ought to lend them a helping hand?"

"H'm," I said doubtfully; "what particular sort of a helping hand?"

"Throw them together?" suggested Elizabeth brightly.

"N—no. As a matter of fact, they're never apart. That's where it's so awkward. You see, they monopolise each other so much, that they——they——"

"Do," I said helpfully.

"Yes, that's just it, they *do*. They're so open about it that other people fight shy of them. It's not giving either of them a chance."

"Hey!" I cried, surprised, "Why, I should have thought——"

"No, you wouldn't," said Mrs. Veralour unkindly, "not if you stopped to think. It's an unfair handicap to put up a 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted' notice before you are actually engaged. There must be an element of uncertainty about you, to keep the other up to the mark."

"You suggest, Mrs. Veralour," I said, appalled, "that the noblest of all emotions is nothing but a dog-in-the-manger sort of spirit?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Veralour defiantly; "as if you didn't know! Besides, it makes them too brother-and-sisterly when there's——there's no danger. You must have a spice of jealousy, mustn't you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes," said Elizabeth, though she couldn't possibly know anything about it.

"You know, people never know how much they want each other until somebody else comes along, wanting."

"You may be right," I admitted, "but what can we do?"

"Well——" Mrs. Veralour hesitated and appeared somewhat embarrassed. Suddenly she shrugged her shoulders with an air of resolution. "You're both engaged," she asserted defiantly, "so . . ."

"I don't know what she means," I said, gazing helplessly at Elizabeth; "do you, Betty?"

Elizabeth shook her head perplexedly.

"I mean, couldn't we——well, encourage them?"

"Now that's an idea that does you credit," I exclaimed admiringly.

"Don't be sarcastic. *You* know what I mean, don't you, Elizabeth?"

"I don't know that I do, quite," murmured Elizabeth, wrinkling her forehead.

"Why," cried Mrs. Veralour impatiently, "don't you see——" She whispered the rest of the sentence in Elizabeth's ear.

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, half in alarm. Unexpectedly she gurgled delightedly.

"That'd act, Mrs. Veralour, wouldn't it?" she cried, dimpling. She glanced at me from the corner of her eye. "Shall we tell him?"

"Do you think you ought?" I hinted hastily.

[Continued overleaf.]

GOLF — AND GUFF!



THE NOVICE (to the caddy, who has no faith in his employer's power to hit): Mark it, boy, mark it! Don't stand staring at me!



THE STURDY BRITON: I call it bloomin' thick. Look at 'im—as orl the rights and priverlidges o' real British subjects like me an' you, an' 'e ain't better'n a black 'eathen, far as I can see.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

"Well, he'll have to be told," said Mrs. Veralour, regarding me doubtfully.

Elizabeth leant backward over the arm of her chair, while I inclined my head respectfully.

When I learnt details of the scheme I threw myself back in my chair and regarded my hostess in absolute horror.

"Don't let him look at me like that, Elizabeth," she cried agitatedly.

"Don't be so silly, Dick," said Elizabeth reprovingly; "it'll be awful fun."

"You—you—" I cried, groping for a suitable word.

"We're not," cried Elizabeth; "and you're not to say it, Dick."

Presently a thought came to me, and I gave a relieved smile.

"Anyhow," I said, "I don't believe Betty can."

"Can what?" demanded Mrs. Veralour.

"Why, flirt," I explained.

Mrs. Veralour cast an inquiring glance towards Elizabeth.

Elizabeth gave me a derisive smile.

"You know better than that," she said. "Doesn't he, Mrs. Veralour?"

"Well, I must admit, I think he does," she assented.

"Bravo, Mrs. Veralour! That's a nasty one for you, Elizabeth."

There was a moment's silence, while Elizabeth grappled with Mrs. Veralour's remark.

"But look here, Mrs. Veralour," I began, "it's all very well for Elizabeth to flirt with Henderson—"

"I shan't flirt with him," she reassured me, "only pretend to find him interesting, you know."

"Well, we won't haggle over a name," I said. "What I'm after is, oughtn't somebody to do the same with Gladys?"

Elizabeth turned a scornful eye upon me.

"You mean you want to flirt with her," she suggested coldly.

"Well, we weren't going to call it 'flirt,' were we?" I demurred.

"You see, it's not enough only to bring *her* up to the accepting point, by making her jealous, because, hang it all, it's the chap who proposes. At least, isn't it?"

"And you really think he'll be jealous of you?" asked Elizabeth, in a tone of incredulous curiosity.

"Here, I say!" I protested. "Dash it, there's no need to have a slanging match; is there, Mrs. Veralour?"

"I wasn't slanging you," said Elizabeth. "Do you call that slanging, Mrs. Veralour?"

"My dears," said Mrs. Veralour, looking somewhat worried, "I wish you both wouldn't always appeal to me."

"Well, anyhow, look here," I cried, "I'll bet you—"

"A bracelet," Elizabeth interjected.

"A box of chocolates," said I.

"Chocolates!" she cried scornfully.

"If you had any real delicacy of feeling," I mentioned, "chocolates would appeal to you as a more than usually appropriate bet."

"But they're so cheap," she grumbled.

"I seek congruity regardless of expense," I remarked.

"Regardless!" she cried. "'Regardless' is very good, isn't it, Mrs. Veralour?"

"A box of chocolates," I went on, unperturbed, "that I make Henderson more jealous of me than Gladys is of you."

"Done!" cried Elizabeth excitedly. "Or, what's more, I'll bet you a thousand pounds—"

"That's right," I said approvingly; "keep well within your allowance."

"That he doesn't get jealous of you *at all*. There!" She paused and looked at me, breathless and defiant.

I stared at her in some bewilderment.

"What's that mean, Mrs. Veralour?" I appealed.

Mrs. Veralour was looking somewhat shocked.

"Oh, but Elizabeth, you mustn't. You really mustn't. It means," she turned to me, "that if Elizabeth—well—is very nice to him he'll lose all interest in Gladys."

"I say!" I gasped, with a horrified glance at Elizabeth.

She looked at me rebelliously.

"Well, you shouldn't 'dare' me, then."

"She doesn't mean it, really," Mrs. Veralour comforted me. "Do you, Elizabeth?"

"I suppose I don't," she admitted reluctantly.

There was a slight pause.

"But the idea," demanded Mrs. Veralour; "what do you think of my idea?"

"Well, it seems discreditable enough," I admitted.

"What a thing to say!"

"To be successful," I finished consolingly.

"It's agreed then," said Elizabeth, as she rose to her feet.

"Are you coming with me, Dick? You must be getting tired of him, aren't you, Mrs. Veralour?"

"Good-bye, Mrs. Veralour," I said. "Congratulations on your plan; it's worthy of you. Good-bye."

"Yes, you'd better go," she declared, "after saying a thing like that."

"I've said nothing," I protested, as I held the door open for Elizabeth. "Still, we all know that a guilty conscience wears any size hat. *Auf wiedersehen*!"

As it happened, it was not until three nights later that we had an opportunity of putting Mrs. Veralour's plan into execution.

I was dancing with Gladys when I noticed that Mrs. Veralour's eyes were stridently directing me to the conservatory.

In one corner, almost hidden by a large palm—a palm which I swear hadn't been there earlier in the evening—were Elizabeth and young Henderson.

Henderson had Elizabeth's fan in his hand, and—I presume to account for its being in his possession—as soon as he caught sight of us he began fanning her.

There was a shadow of a smile on Elizabeth's face, and from the way she was not looking in our direction I knew she was watching us.

I took, at what seemed to me a suitable moment, Gladys' fan in my hand. Casting a casual glance at Elizabeth, I observed she was frowning. Probably Henderson was fanning her hair out of curl.

"Who's that in the corner?" I inquired carelessly.

"Which corner, Mr. Blake? Oh, over there. I hadn't noticed anybody was there."

"Now, that's very nice of you," I declared. "Young Henderson is the man, isn't he? I wonder if the girl's pretty."

"Why, Mr. Blake? Are you interested?"

"No, but Henderson seems to be, doesn't he? You two are rather friends, aren't you?"

"What a thing to say, Mr. Blake! Of course not. That is to say, just friends, you know."

She paused, and then continued with an over-elaborated air of carelessness:

"Isn't that Miss Mason with him? But I thought you two were—" She broke off and eyed me in perplexed inquiry.

I shrugged my shoulders ambiguously.

"After all," I said sadly, "I suppose it was only to have been expected. I'm not very young or good-looking, am I?"

Gladys regarded me hesitatingly.

"Well, you're not so *very* old, are you, Mr. Blake?"

"Oh, I'm not decrepit," I admitted. "Still, I suppose Henderson can give me ten years. She seems to find him very interesting, doesn't she?"

"He can be sometimes, when he likes," she said, with an attempt at indifference.

"Yes," I agreed, "it's rather obvious he can. May I do your glove up?"

"Thank you— Why, it's not unfastened, Mr. Blake."

"That's a fault that's soon remedied," I said cheerfully, retaining my hold of her hand.

Gladys waited a moment irresolutely, and then glanced at me inquiringly from the corner of her eye.

"Aren't you going to do it up again then, Mr. Blake?"

Glancing over towards Henderson's corner, I noticed he had relinquished Elizabeth's fan and was gazing sourly in our direction.

Elizabeth, as I caught her eye, appeared somewhat annoyed.

At this moment the band struck up again.

"Are you dancing this?" I inquired.

Gladys consulted her programme.

"I—I don't know," she said.

I glanced at her programme.

"Why, you are. Henderson's initials, aren't they?"

Before she could reply, Henderson rose from his corner and came towards us.

"Miss Mason says this is your dance," he told me coldly.

Gladys ignored me, so I went over to Elizabeth.

"Well?" I asked, as I led her towards the ball-room. Gladys and Henderson, I observed, were sitting it out.

"There was no need," she remarked icily, "for all that."

"All what?" I asked, somewhat surprised at her tone.

"Holding her hand, and behaving like you did."

"But, hang it!" I cried, justly indignant, "wasn't that the idea—that I should make him jealous?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "*him*."

"Why," I cried, glancing quickly at her averted face, "do you mean that you—?"

"I mean," she said hurriedly, "that I don't wish to discuss the matter."

Inside the ball-room we encountered Mrs. Veralour.

"Yes," I said, in response to her glance of inquiry; "but I don't suppose either of them will ever speak to us again."

"You poor things!"

"And apparently," I continued, with a glance at Elizabeth, "*we're* not going to speak to each other again. Are we, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth said something without opening her mouth.

"You see," I said, turning to Mrs. Veralour, "so as to make a complete job of it, we're neither of us ever going to speak to *you* again."

"What—never?" cried Mrs. Veralour, aghast.

"Never," I said firmly.

I scratched my chin and regarded her meditatively.

"Unless," I relented, "you can persuade us both to come to lunch to-morrow."

Which, happily, she did.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Going to Sandwich.

A large number of men bearing big bags of golf clubs will steal quietly out of London in the middle of this Coronation week, and will get themselves down to Sandwich, on the Kentish coast. They will be going there to settle the question as to who among



WINNER OF THE BAR GOLFING SOCIETY'S TOURNAMENT: MR. H. W. BEVERIDGE.

Mr. Beveridge, whose handicap is plus four, was the heaviest penalty-carrier in the competition. He beat Mr. Langton by two holes in the final.

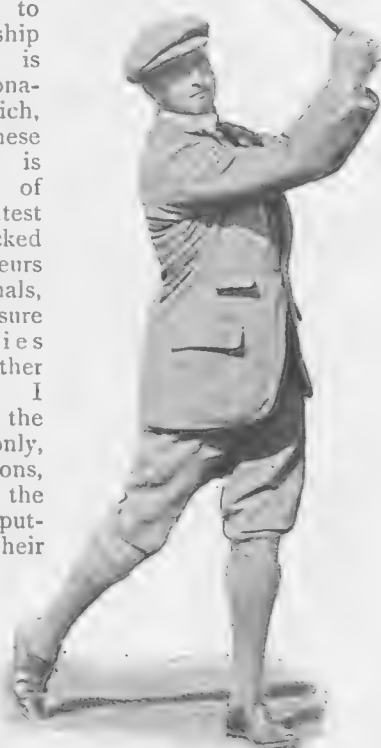
Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.

best side; but it will be an interesting affair notwithstanding, even though it is nearly a foregone conclusion that the professional players will gain the day.

Changes on the Course.

And although so many of the general public will be thinking of other matters than golf this week and next, the play at Sandwich will be of great importance, and there will be thrills enough. Trust Sandwich to give us a good champion and plenty of excitement in the making of him. Now, as for many years past, there are great and sometimes angry discussions on the merits and demerits of the course of the Royal St. George's Club. Here there is some of the finest golfing land in the world, and it is perhaps because there are so many alternatives available—as there are not on some other courses which have faulty holes, such as Prestwick—that there will never be any unanimity that the best is made out of the possibilities. I shall not here take any sides in this argument; the great professional players and the few amateurs who are going down there for this meeting will see for themselves. But it may just be said that for the first time in a championship the famous old Maiden hazard will not be played over from the sixth teeing-ground. A new short hole of a different kind is substituted for it, but the new one is still blind. A new fifth hole also takes the place of that which has done service in

many previous championships, and there are other changes, such as, specially, the shortening of the old tenth hole and the placing of the putting-green in front of the deep and hidden bunker which guarded the old one. Many wise men shake their heads when these matters are spoken of; but for all that, Sandwich, you will see, will give us a good and worthy champion. Five times has the Amateur Championship been played for on this course, and the men that it crowned were Messrs. Ball, Tait, Hilton, Travis, and Lassen. The Open Championship has only been played for there three times, and the champions that were made on these occasions were Taylor, Harry Vardon, and Jack White. Of these eight amateur and open champions, all save Mr. Travis, Mr. Lassen, and Jack White have won the same championships on other links; while the first-named has, of course, won the championship of America, to which he belongs; and only the other day Mr. Lassen was fighting out the final in the amateur event at Prestwick. Jack White alone, the hero of the open meeting held at Sandwich in 1904, has never won any other big championship but that, and some have sometimes said that he was fortunate to win on that occasion; but I saw him play most of his shots, and they were shots worthy of any champion. He was in magnificent form just then; but for all that, he is hardly the man for such a great nervous strain. He was the first of the leaders to finish off his four rounds, and it then seemed that he was certain to win, his score was so good; but both Braid and Taylor, who came along afterwards, had each a long putt to tie with him. Braid was short—he always says that he was under the impression, due to some wrong information that had been given him, that he had two to tie, and tried to lay his ball dead rather than to hole it outright; while Taylor's ball hit the hole, so there was excitement enough—more than there has been at any other championship in recent times.



THE RECORD-MAKER AT SANDWICH: MR. EVERARD MARTIN SMITH, WHO WENT ROUND IN 68.

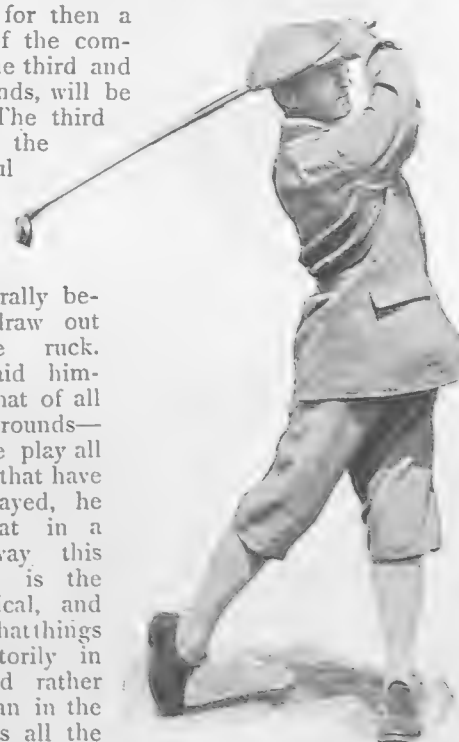
Mr. Everard Martin Smith (Royal St. George's) won the Twenty-Fourth Annual Open Amateur Competition for the St. George's Challenge Cup. For his first round he took 80, 40 out and 40 home; for his second, 68, 31 out and 37 home, an easy record for the altered course at Sandwich.

Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.

have happened satisfactorily in the first two, he would rather do well in the third than in the fourth, because it makes all the difference between feeling confident and otherwise. "Let me make a good start in the third round," says James, "and I feel that I have done the best possible thing towards achieving the honours of the competition."

The Fateful Rounds.

The great day of the championship week at Sandwich this time will be the Thursday, for then a full half of the competition, the third and fourth rounds, will be played. The third is usually the most fateful of all, because then the coming champion generally begins to draw out from the ruck. James Braid himself says that of all the four rounds—it is stroke play all the time—that have to be played, he thinks that in a general way this third one is the most critical, and assuming that things



RUNNER-UP IN THE FINAL OF THE BAR GOLFING SOCIETY'S TOURNAMENT: MR. G. P. LANGTON.

Mr. Langton's handicap is six.

Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I HAVE seen a play with a moral—a moral and two religions. It was not an English play, of course, and I still wonder if the English portion of the audience were as surprised as I was, or whether they knew before that in some parts of Ireland people still think as they thought in the Middle Ages. The play

was "Mixed Marriage," at the Court Theatre. Such a title was made to make us rush to see it, Austen and I. The novelty of our marriage has not worn off yet, and, of course, ours is as "mixed" a marriage as can be. Belfast I had always associated with table-cloths with shamrocks woven in them, and lace collars—with whiteness, smoothness, and industry; but now, if the playwright knows his theme (and Austen says he does), I must imagine Belfast as a nest of retrograde bigots. It's almost impossible to believe that somewhere, anywhere in Europe outside Russia there can still be religious riots. I know full well that my people are not civilised either; but when they do riot in France—and don't they love to!—it's never for religion, it's against religion; and there lies a vast difference. We are so far

Austen says—he has always got something to say somehow, it's hardly that I can place a word in now and then—he says there is no such thing as a third half of anything. Well, you can't steep yourself in an Irish atmosphere for three hours and come back as precise of speech as before, can you? The other artists were very good too; only they are so fast—their brains can't possibly have time to work before they talk. It all comes too pat. Pray don't read a pun into it. Ordinary beings—except Marseillais and French politicians—usually think before they speak. Those Irish artists certainly did not. Austen says—again!—that it is a national trait. Then that explains why they so often put the "plough before the beefs." My husband laughs indulgently. "You mean the cart before the horse, don't you?"

"I mean what I said. It makes a better image, really; and my native tongue suffices for my wants."

The advantage of going to see simple, serious, peasant plays instead of modern society plays is that it is ever so much less expensive. You don't rush the

next day to your dress-maker for a frock exactly like that of the leading lady in the second act—"only the waist higher and the skirt narrower; you understand, Madame Cecile, don't you?" And then it really teaches you a lot. Those Irish people, for instance, they were quite different from those who take you in to dinner. Table neighbours, of whatever race or religion, are always so colourless, I find. *In vino veritas*, perhaps; but now that everybody gorges himself with mineral waters you never can get a glimpse of his true character. At most you can only gather towards the dessert whether he prefers a short nose and curly red hair to the attractions of the lady sitting on the other side of him.

"How big is Belfast?" I ask.

"About half-a-million inhabitants."

"I don't mean big in that way. Is Belfast a fair sample of Irish thought or is it only a 'Second Zone' product?"

"No, modern Irishmen are very Liberal-minded for the most part. Ask Mr. Redmond!"

"But I don't know him, only his big boy—and then we don't talk politics. As a matter of fact, I never talk politics with any man—except you."

"A very doubtful privilege," says my husband, under his fair moustache; "has it already come to that?"

"I am very glad you are English," I burst out with flattering sincerity. "I do believe that you are the only just and broad-minded race yet evolved; but Austen—you are not listening—what are you smiling at behind your paper?"

"At a law court report, my child." And he read aloud: "'Surely,' said the magistrate to the applicant, 'you would not marry a Yiddish fellow?' . . . Little Phrynette, reserve your judgment!"



WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER.
COUNTESS DE LALAING.

Countess de Lalaing is the daughter of Baron du Tour de Bellinche, Grand Master of the Ceremonies at the Dutch Court. Her husband, Count de Lalaing, has been Belgian Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's since 1903. He was serving in the Belgian Embassy at the Hague from 1887 to 1889.

Photograph by Bassano.

from bigoted, that everything and anything is allowed in my country. Of course, we can't have priests, women, and children parading the streets and singing hymns; but students, strikers, and *saboteurs* must be allowed a little latitude; and what matters if a few lamp-posts and policemen's skulls should be smashed now and then? The law was never made for the meek, anyway.

And all this because I have seen a serious play! Austen says he will only take me to "Chocolate Soldiers" in future. By the way, who can tell me why Nadina's bedroom is dubbed a "boudoir" on the programme? It's a bedroom pure and simple. Words can't hide furniture. It must have made Bernard Shaw smile in his beard if he ever saw the parody of his play, which I doubt; though, who knows?—people with patriarchal beards are often very much inclined towards frivolities.

To come back to the Irish players, they, at least, had the courage of their kitchen. Such a dear, homely little kitchen—it made me want to join them all and roast chestnuts in the hearth. Austen says it's not the season for chestnuts—all the more reason; why does he prefer asparagus in January, then? I have lost fully the half of my heart to sweet Miss O'Neill, and to Mr. Arthur Sinclair, the old father in the play.

It must be terrible to have such a father-in-law in real life; but what a good actor he is, and such a fine old man! He may be quite young for all I know, but somehow I can never tell people's age, whether on or off the stage—that may account for my being rather a favourite with my feminine acquaintances. If I only gave him half of my heart, it's because Bouchier has the other; poor Coquelin had the third.



ENJOYING THE SPORT AT WHICH HE DISLOCATED HIS SHOULDER RECENTLY: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AT POLO.

In a recent polo match at Roehampton, between the Eaton team, of which he is captain, and the Old Cantabs, the Duke of Westminster collided with Lord Wodehouse, the Cantab's back. Both were thrown, and it was feared at first that the Duke had broken his collar-bone. Fortunately, his injuries proved less serious, but he had dislocated his shoulder, and had to be taken home to Grosvenor House by motor, with a prospect of being hors de combat for some time.

Photograph by G.F.U.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR AMERICAN VISITORS.
MRS. A. WALDO DEWEY.

Mrs. A. Waldo Dewey, whose husband is a kinsman of Admiral Dewey, of Manila fame, is a talented violinist and composer. She was a favourite pupil of Joachim in Berlin. One of her compositions, "A Spanish Serenade," was written specially for the Philippine Band organised by Mr. Taft. She is also a clever amateur actress and a keen sports-woman.—[Photograph by Rúa Martin.]



The Calm Journalism of 1811.

The *Observer* has a delightful custom of publishing week by week interesting extracts from its own columns of just a hundred years ago, and on Sunday, 11th inst., there appeared a paragraph from the *Observer* of June 9, 1811, which should have some interest for aviators. The facts, if facts they were, are stated in the baldest possible manner; they are accompanied with no expressions of surprise or wonder; indeed, less interest is expressed than would to-day accompany the announcement of a reasonably good flight at Brooklands. One reads this modest, cool paragraph with something of a gasp, and an involuntary reflection as to the manner and method of making such an announcement had the year of grace 1811 been blessed with halfpenny dailies or Yellow Press precursors of American journalism. But in such stressful days as those that centred round such hard-fought fields as Albuera, a story of which is told in the same issue of this venerable journal, our forefathers could contemplate so trite a thing as human flight without bursting out into two-inch headlines and thrilling interlineations.

There were Fliers in Those Days.

This is how the *Observer* of old puts it in cold type: "The art of rising and moving in the air by means of wings continues to engage the attention of a number of persons in Germany. At Vienna" (which, by the way, is in Austria, but a particle or two of geography probably mattered not in 1811) "the watch-maker Degen, aided by a liberal subscription" (how differently they did things in those days—a liberal subscription, ah!), "is occupied in perfecting his discovery. He has recently taken several public flights" (public flights, mark you!) "in the Prater, which will be detailed in one of our subsequent numbers. At Berlin, Claudius, a wealthy manufacturer of oilcloth, is engaged in like pursuits: he rises in the air without difficulty, and can move in a direct line at the rate of four miles an hour; but his wings are unwieldy, and he cannot turn round in them. At Ulm, a tailor named Berblinger announced on the 24th April that he had, after great sacrifice of money, labour, and time, invented a machine in which he would, on 12th May, rise in the air and fly twelve miles." If the watch-maker's flight was detailed in a subsequent number of the *Observer*, I hope and trust that the record will be disinterred to suggest to our own flying-men that maybe they are not all the pebbles that have ever been upon the beach.

A Gala Day. The R.A.C. and its associated clubs together hold a meeting at Brooklands on July 29, which, from all I hear, is to prove something more than a Gala Day. The programme of sport is to be most diverse, and to include a tournament handicap, a relay race, an all-comers' open handicap, a hill climb (of course up the very smartly pitched test incline, which averages one in five), a declaration handicap, a motor-cycle short-distance handicap, a motor-cycle inter-club team race, a skilful-driving race, a blindfold-driving race, and an obstacle race and hill-climb. Ladies are eligible to compete in

any of the events, and, in addition to the racing, luncheon and tea parties, together with a good band, and, weather permitting, aviation, will add vastly to the attractions of the day. The whole thing is to wind up with a supper in the members' dining-room at the track. Hitherto the club and its associates have only met formally at an annual dinner, or more or less for business when the meetings of the General Committee have been held in the country at the invitation of some local automobile association. Given fine weather, this "day" should prove one of the most successful and popular fixtures ever undertaken.

Electricity to Replace the Other Things.

I am quite in accord with Mr. Anthony G. New in his view that sooner or later electricity is bound to replace all oil-lamps and all acetylene-burners with their more or less fool-proof gas-generators. At the moment the mystery of

electricity—for it is a mystery to the average man—and the price of the electrical equipment for lighting a car throughout, stand in the way. Even when a man can afford the extra and somewhat heavy outlay for such an installation, he hesitates for fear that at the most inopportune moment something will go wrong with the internals of those two incomprehensibilities, the dynamo and the accumulators. The general body of the motoring public, particularly that section who are their own drivers and mechanics, would feel greater security in such electrical plant were the makers able to point to officially certified tests of reliability, the results of which, by the way, should be given in terms understood of the people. Ampères, watts, volts, ohms, and meg-ohms are Greek, not to say caviare, to the multitude.

But Much Yet to be Said for the Other Things. As Mr. New puts it: "That

which motorists doubtless seek to know concerning electric light for their cars is whether the numerous systems that have cropped up of

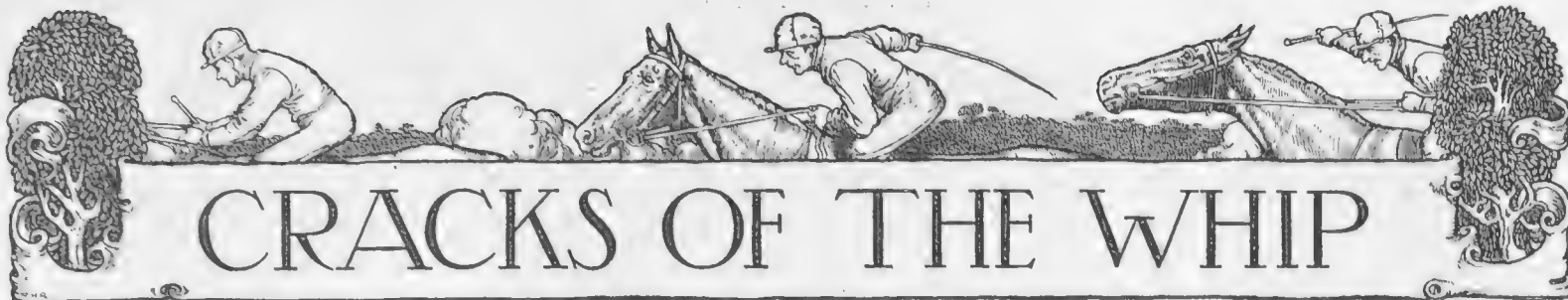
late are thoroughly satisfactory in prolonged practice; which of them are, on general principles, preferable to others; and what are the special points that the user ought to have in mind and would be well advised to keep under personal observation when discarding oil and acetylene in favour of electricity." In the paper read before the Royal Automobile Club by Mr. New, and from which I have in part quoted, the author offers some sage advice with regard to motor-car lighting by electricity, but does not, because it would not have been advisable under the circumstances, distinguish one system from another. That is the reason why, in my opinion, public tests are necessary, and in this respect I believe only one firm has at present thought it well to challenge official trial. Until such proofs can be instanced, I am not altogether with Mr. New when he says that, taking everything into account, the advantages derivable from a properly designed and properly installed electric-light plant upon a car outweigh the additional first cost and the extra weight to be carried. The average motorist can help himself with paraffin and acetylene, while failure of his electric-light outfit in any essential particular puts him "up a tree."

[Continued on a later page.]



CONSECRATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER: THE FIRST MOTOR MISSION CHAPEL, SHOWING THE ALTAR.

This chapel, as its name would indicate, is really a chapel on wheels driven by motor. Externally, it presents the appearance of an ordinary motor-van except that it has two square windows in each side for the purpose of light. The interior is fitted with a miniature altar, for the celebration of Mass, with prie-dieu kneelers in front for a dozen worshippers. When not in use for divine service the benches are stowed away, the altar cleared of its ornaments, and the vehicle becomes an ordinary travelling-van, with truckle-beds for the accommodation of the two priests who are to accompany it on its travels. The itinerary of the first tour of the Mission Chapel has not yet been definitely fixed, beyond the fact that it will start for East Anglia early next month. The photograph shows Father Bernard Vaughan and the Rev. Herbert Vaughan.—[Photograph by Topical.]



By CAPTAIN COE.

Goodwood. The next great racing function—Goodwood—promises to be as brilliant as Ascot, from a social point of view at any rate. The sport at the two places cannot be brought into comparison, the programme at Goodwood being on a more modest scale. For instance, at Ascot there is no selling plate, but at Goodwood there are several such. The great event of former days, the Goodwood Cup, now seldom attracts a good horse, but Cup Day is as popular as ever it was, and the locals turn out to a man in their best. The sport may not rise to great heights, but a Goodwood seldom goes by without some of the

Goodwood, in which she may meet Pintadeau and Jingling Geordie. She is also in the Gimcrack Stakes, but in none other of the "great" races for two-year-olds. Next year she is nominated for the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks. Her breeding suggests speed only. Another two-year-old that has made a stir, but in a minor sort of way, is Cap and Gown, who has won races just as easily as Lady Americus, but has never met anything of quality, if we except Wrack. One of our prominent trainers holds the opinion that Cap and Gown is the best youngster so far seen out, but there is no proof, nor probably will there be, for the colt holds only one or two unimportant engagements this year, and only one next; and in all he steers clear of Lady Americus.

Order of Running. Several correspondents have written to me lately on a subject I have frequently referred to during the last few years, and it cropped up again over a stranger asking why the time at which the Ascot Gold Cup is run is not fixed earlier. I have advocated many times that all programmes should be completed earlier than they are, and that the times at which the events are to be run should be published in the *Racing Calendar* the week previously. This course would be greatly to the advantage of thousands of people, who would be enabled to make their

engagements well ahead. Chester, Newbury, and one or two other executives complete their programmes for publication in the official organ, and surely what is possible in those cases is possible at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and other places, where it is mainly the custom to fix the order of running the day in advance of the races. Thus many people find it impossible to know the hour of an important race until the morning of the event. The plan advocated would be an improvement all round, for one cannot clearly see how such a proceeding could act in a prejudicial way on the programme.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The most important race this week is the Northumberland Plate, to be run to-day. I fancy Mr. Stedall's Victory, who ran well in the Ascot Stakes. Other selections at Gosforth Park are: Perkins Memorial Plate, Brancepeth; Monkchester Stakes, Dalnaspidal; Coronation Vase, Sarpedon; Angerton Handicap,



AT THE ALDERSHOT POLO CLUB'S GYMKHANA: THE WHISTLING RACE.

The Aldershot Command Polo Club held a most successful gymkhana the other day on the Command Polo Ground. The prizes were presented by Lady Smith-Dorrien. The whistling race was won by Captain A. E. W. Harman, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and the second prize by Brigadier-General C. T. Kavanagh.—[Photograph by Topical.]

best horses in training competing, and the setting of the meeting is so beautiful that it cannot be pictured in words; it is one of the most delightful spots in our delightful country, and its charms never pall. The King and Queen will be guests of the Duke of Richmond for the meeting, and the cream of Society will naturally be attracted, afterwards to disperse to Cowes, and later to take the Northern journey. To commemorate the Coronation, there will be run on the Wednesday the King George Stakes, a six-furlong race of 30 sovs. each, 10 forfeit, with 1000 sovs. added. The second will receive 100 sovs., the third will save his stake, and there is no entrance-fee. Among the forty-three entered are two of the King's horses—namely, Dorando and Chatterer. These are both three-year-olds. It had been hoped that Dorando would run at Ascot; but it was considered advisable, on account of the hard ground, not to start him. He is a big, heavy-topped colt, and has shown much promise in his home gallops. The brothers Joel are each represented by three horses; Mr. J. B. by Sunningdale, Spanish Prince, and Sunstar; and Mr. Sol. Joel by Poor Boy, Sunder, and St. Nat. Other notable entries are Captain Allfrey's Hallaton, Mr. Baring's Mushroom, Lord Derby's Stedfast, Major Loder's Knockfeerna, Mr. McCalmont's Seaforth, and Mr. Winans' Sir Martin. There is material for a very interesting contest, the scale of penalties and allowances being such that the race will partially resolve itself into a handicap.

Two-Year-Olds. We generally have to wait until Ascot before we can obtain anything like a reliable guide to the top-sawyers amongst the two-year-olds, and this year has proved no exception. Sometimes the Woodcote Stakes bring to the public notice a two-year-old above the average; but Doris colt had won that race only by a narrow margin—indeed, the first five were so close together that doubts were expressed as to the high quality of any of them. These doubts resolved themselves into certainties at Ascot, where, in the Coventry Stakes, Kempion, who was fifth in the Woodcote Stakes, reversed the form, but even then could no win. His conqueror was Lady Americus, who trounced her opponent in such style as to bring back memories of the startling exhibitions of speed her sister Americus Girl used to give; and to lead one to the conclusion that she is the best of her age. It was the second occasion on which she had spreadeagled her field, but her opponents in the previous instance were not of very high class. Her next important engagement is the Richmond Stakes at



AT THE ALDERSHOT POLO CLUB'S GYMKHANA: THE START FOR THE NIGHT ALARM RACE.

The night-alarm race was won by Lieutenant H. W. Hall, of the Queen's Bays, and the second prize by Lieutenant A. S. M. Summers, of the 19th Hussars.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Wee Scottie; Gosforth Biennial, Kerry; Gosforth Park Cup, Sunshine or Raeberry; Newcastle Handicap, Chinchilla; Seaton Delaval Plate, Le Touquet. Sandown: New Stand Handicap, Badoura; Sandringham Foal Stakes, Stedfast; Rookery Plate, Misfit; Wellington Handicap, Dutch China; Alington Plate, Sacred Song; Robert de Witville Handicap, Jackdaw; British Dominion Plate, Fair Relative; Atalanta Stakes, Knockferna. Birmingham: Coombe Plate, Orpiment; Midland Handicap, Sir Raymond; Summer Handicap, Dennery.



By ELLA. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Kings and Queens.

The Rulers of the Earth are much in evidence this week, and all civilised humanity is wondering how our particular rulers "feel" in all this excitement, turmoil, and pomp. Wisely has the King brought forward his eldest son at the most impressionable age, dubbed him a Knight of the Garter, and decided on investing him as Prince of Wales on the spot where tradition tells the first scion of that Principality was shown, as a baby, to the people. These things bring the boy who is one day to rule this Empire into prominence in the most picturesque, dignified, and impressive manner, and endear him at once to his future subjects. Royalty nowadays is largely an affair of ritual, of tradition, and to keep these up is the prerogative and duty of the reigning House. Yet if we humble mortals had to fill this great symbolic rôle, we most of us, I fancy, would rather be a Queen than a King. The crowned Woman has always *la galerie pour elle*; she has but to smile prettily, to bend over a sick child's cot, for two continents to sing her praises, while if she has beauty it becomes even more beautiful in the eyes of loyal subjects. All things conduce to a modern Queen becoming easily and indisputably the first lady in the land.

A Symbol which Should Not Change.

Royal and princely personages realise nowadays that they are a Symbol, an embodiment of a nation's greatness, the visible sign of the prestige of a Flag. And this is why modern princesses rarely follow the vagaries and absurdities of fashion, but dress in clothes

of much the same cut, and wear hats of similar shape year in, year out. And in this matter of garb they show singular perspicacity. A Symbol must always be unchangeable, easily recognised, like the royal face on a coin. It would be unthinkable that our present charming Queen should appear in a grotesque hobble skirt, with a coal-scuttle hat thrust over her ears with only the tip of her nose visible, dangling a monster bedizened bag at the end of a rope. With her quiet and dignified taste in dress—so typical of the aristocratic Englishwoman who lives most of the time in the country—Queen Mary is recognisable at once. The type remains fixed; the royal lady accepts few of the more extravagant fashions, which are, after all, invented for the Parisian stage and designed to astonish the ordinary citizen and make conversation at dinner-tables that are denuded of ordinary ideas.

Why Have The air—that is to say, the musical atmosphere—is thick with lamentations on the ill-success of popular opera in England. At Covent Garden, as everyone knows, you can get a record audi-

sempiternal "Bohème," which cannot be described as a work of genius. All these works seem to be as acceptable to the bejewelled and furbelowed audience as Wagner's "Ring" or Strauss's "Elektra." In opera, it seems, we move in a vicious circle, for, in spite of the musical education of the public, there seems to be a tendency to revert to archaic and trivial types. M. X. Marcel Boulestin recently took the trouble to make a distinguished symposium on "The Problematic Future of Opera in England" in one of the French magazines, and in his article he laments the fact that the young English composer has little chance of being performed at Mr. Hammerstein's imposing theatre in Kingsway. Now though we English may now be fairly described as one of the most musical nations in the world, the last thing I should do, if I were a young English composer, would be to set about writing operas. The symphony, the quartet, the piano piece, the song, the ballet, and the religious composition may all have a wide success in this island, but the proof that we do not really care for grand opera, and that it is only an artificial taste, lies in the simple fact that we have never produced a native-made opera which has endured.

A Hybrid It is not thinkable that a race which has produced a Shakespeare, a Swinburne, a Turner, and a Stevens could not evolve an operatic composer of equal genius with, say, Puccini or Claude Debussy. Evidently the racial intelligence does not run towards opera, because there is little racial sympathy with this (to put it bluntly) somewhat hybrid art-form. Take an intelligent child—or an intelligent savage—to Covent Garden, and either will tell you that the effect produced on them by these singing mimes is at first that of grotesque absurdity. An actress who has to take a portentous breath before she can emit a *cri du cœur*, a young amorist who is more concerned with the position of his tongue in his palate than with his emotions, are both heavily handicapped in the race for dramatic effect. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to sing and act at one and the same time; hence the humour of operatic love-scenes, especially of the old school. Wagner understood this, and makes his orchestra do the chief part of the musical work, while the tenor and soprano have a chance to make their theatrical and personal effect on the audience. And added to their technical difficulties, singers of both sexes, who have to take as much care of themselves as you would of some complicated musical instrument, are apt to run to exaggerated plumpness, and thus again destroy our illusions at the opera-house. I have, with these eyes, seen a superb performance of a Wagner opera made grotesque by a hero and heroine who could both have made a respectable living as warning advertisements for some Anti-Fat nostrum.

**A MODERN DIANA.**

This pretty costume, suitable for archery, is in pink Shantung finished by two rows of narrow killing at the waist. It has a simulated waistcoat of striped silk, with vest and sleeves of embroidered muslin.

**THE GOLFING GIRL.**

This is a neat golfing costume made in grey tweed. The collar, revers, and front panel of the skirt are faced with striped material. The hat is of stitched felt trimmed with a rosette of satin.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 28.

CORONATION MARKETS.

THE Stock Exchange will break up for its Coronation festivities in a rather less pessimistic frame of mind than seemed likely a week ago; but, at the same time, it is admitted all round the House that things are not so comfortable as they ought to be. The shadow of the Birkbeck Bank suspension still overhangs the Consol Market. Home Railways have been badly depressed by the seamen's strike. Kaffirs are dull in spite of a batch of good dividends. Rubber shares are about as sensitive as mercury, and the sudden changes in the market temperature are highly inimical to business. There is a want of cohesion and enterprise about the Stock Exchange, and even where rises do take place, there seems to be difficulty in maintaining them for any length of time.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE KING.

Unlike his late-father, who visited the Stock Exchange in 1885, King George has never been in the House, but it is the cherished hope of many a member that some day he will honour the markets with a tour of inspection. Everyone has heard of the exuberant loyalty of the Stock Exchange, and the House is going to have a brief Coronation celebration of its own on the eve of the great day. Trumpets, trombones, and drums will assist at the vocal rendering of the National Anthem at half-past three on the Wednesday afternoon, and as there are certain to be at least seven thousand members in the House at the time, the effect should be at once impressive and grand.

FOREIGN BONDS.

The Foreign Government Bond Market, which has been neglected for several months past owing to the renewal of popularity in the Home Railway department, is again attracting more attention. With the approach of the 1st of July, there are numbers of bonds noticeable as carrying coupons due on that date. Prices have therefore been firming up, and it is worth chronicling that the demand of late has set pretty strongly in favour of some of the European issues. Argentine Government bonds, always in favour, have now reached levels at which they present small scope for improvement in price, but at which they offer a good 5 per cent. investment with little risk, and we still recommend the last few issues to those who want this rate on their money and are willing to accept it without troubling about the possibility of advance in capital.

BRAZILIANS AND PERUS.

There are rumours in the air of a new Brazilian loan to be floated before long; and, in consequence, Brazilian varieties are somewhat under a cloud, although prices are well maintained. Amongst the Brazilians, the best speculative investment is the Brazil Lloyd 4 per cent. Loan issued recently at 90—redeemable by annual drawings, which start in 1913 at par, and continue until the whole loan is paid off within sixteen years. Unless anything startling should happen to Brazil, the holders of this issue get a return of nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their money, with the certainty that they will be repaid within sixteen years at 100, the spice of speculation lying in the fact that the redemption may take place at any time between 1913 and 1927. The new China issue might be called a success even before it was announced, and Japanese bonds are now at a level where they are only tempting to the investor pure and simple. In the Foreign Market the principal speculative stocks are those of the Peruvian Corporation, and as a gamble which should be taken up and watched for good results, there are not many securities which, in our opinion, can beat Peruvian Corporation Preference. The price now is about $41\frac{1}{2}$, and the traffics are increasing at a remarkable rate. The patient holder who can afford to await developments will probably see this stock at 50, but, of course, it has to be remembered that Peru is a tropical country, and therefore subject to the phenomena—natural, financial, and political—which are inseparable from any land under a tropical sun.

YANKEES.

In the opinion of many members of the Stock Exchange, the American Market is the best in the House. Subject though it is to violent fluctuations and to such shocks as the Denver Company provided by passing the dividend on its Preferred shares, there is still a strong substratum of support which comes forward to buy the shares upon every appreciable relapse. Not only the investment shares, such as Atchisons and Milwaukeees, but the purely speculative counters, like Eries and Rock Islands, are decidedly popular with an increasing crowd of operators on this side. There is so little else to go for round the House that the speculator is more or less forced into Americans, where he is assured of getting a good run for his money, and where the kaleidoscope generally sees him home if he is content to keep on the bull tack with a fair amount of consistency. It must be confessed that, on purely intrinsic merits, the market does not offer any special attractions, but that it has any attraction at all is a bull point which operators are not slow to realise, and so far as we are able to judge, Yankees

can be bought even now on any of the days when there is a break in prices.

THE UNREST ABOUT CANADA.

Going round the City into this quarter and that, one finds there is a growing sentiment that Canada is approaching, if she has not already reached, the apex of her present prosperity. During the last six months and more, money has been literally poured into the Dominion, and still the demand for fresh capital continues insatiable. Of course, the more recent borrowers expect better terms than their predecessors; but it is a question whether new issues have not been already overdone, and if the British public will be content to put up much more money, except on terms far more attractive than have been offered lately. Our own opinion of Canada has been expressed too often for us to reiterate now that the existing Companies are likely to have a good time this year; and it is quite possible that the current caution about Canada is not sufficiently justified just yet. Nevertheless, it is worth putting on record, if only by way of warning to readers who, because a thing is Canadian, are tempted to rush in and subscribe for anything that comes along at whatever price it may be offered.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

The mere fact of the market being full of selling limits at 250 has done a great deal to keep the price of Canadas just under that figure, while voices are being raised in good quarters, drawing attention to the fact that the shares at their current level are paying less than can be obtained from Home Railway stocks, and only a trifle more than full trustee securities can be bought to yield. The believer in Canadian Pacifics, however, looks more to the prospect of a bonus—either by way of a new capital issue at a low price, or through the distribution of shares in some land company whose formation has been rumoured for several years past—than to the actual return of 4 per cent. on the money which the shares now give. The exalted price of Canadas would afford the bears a most tempting target were it not for the fact that the Canadian Pacific has the most wonderful proprietary in the world, for the people who have bought are not to be frightened out of their shares by a fall of a few dollars, and the belief that the shares will go very much higher than they now stand is ingrained in the minds of the holders. Thus it is that the bear division is not keen upon taking liberties with Canadas, for they can so easily find themselves bested by the tenacity with which the present proprietors stick to their holdings and by the willingness of German and other buyers to increase their interests in the Company upon any material fall in the price. Were Canada to have a bad harvest or any kind of financial crisis, of course there is no doubt that Canadian Pacifics would suffer with the rest; but, short of a calamity, we see no reason to suppose that the price of the shares will go much below 250.

RUBBER AGAIN.

Rubber shares had a violent rise last Wednesday, the advance coinciding with our publication of the optimistic views gathered from correspondents at Antwerp and other centres. The improvement was due, however, more to extrinsic influences, such as a bear account, and market manipulation, than to any particular recognition, on the part of the investing public, of the favourable outlook for the industry. Until the man in the street does begin to take an interest in the purchase of shares, the Rubber Market is sure to be a theatre for gambling, and, as every other man talks bearishly, it would seem to be right to buy a few days before the carry-over, and to sell on any rise a few days after. The people who know what they are about do not buy, for investment purposes, the shares of the big-producing companies. They look rather to shares such as Sempah, Tebran, Sengat, and other younger companies which have a lot of stuff coming along. But your gambler sticks to Highlands, Linggi, and Vallambrosas, because of the freedom of the market in them.

BROKEN HILL SHARES.

While the other mining markets are mostly dull, the Broken Hill department maintains a firmness of undertone which augurs well for its revival if the market should catch the popular fancy. The returns from the principal companies are good enough to encourage a spurt, and the steady support accorded by the Melbourne buyers is significant of the way in which "insiders" regard the position. Prices of the baser metals have been rising rapidly, the boom in tin drawing attention to the other metals with such effect that speculation in these latter has been also stimulated. There is the ever-present fear that after so fierce a rise the sequel will eventuate in a tumble equally great; but it must be remembered that Broken Hill shares have not advanced with the same rush as the metals, and that accordingly the scope for a fall is more limited than that for further appreciation.

A FINANCIAL CURTAIN LECTURE.

(With Profuse Apologies to Everyone Concerned.)

Mr. Caudle has imprudently admitted a "little Stock Exchange flutter."

"And now, I suppose, Mr. Caudle, you are satisfied at last. You always were a speculator, from the day you married me—Eh?"

[Continued on page 374.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Cotton Preferred Before Silk.

Smart lingerie dresses are the most *chic* things for wear just now. If no one would know that they were cotton frocks unless told, that is just where the smartness comes in. Martial and Armand et Cie, so well known in Paris, where they have a great establishment, have a charming branch at 125, New Bond Street, where the most fascinating and up-to-date frocks of this kind can be found. I will try to word-picture two. One is of old ivory-white lawn, very beautifully embroidered in the same tone, arranged as a tunic. The deep space between it and the hem is veiled with fine black Chantilly lace. On this a little Pompadour wreath of cretonne flowers is embroidered in pastel shades of pink and mauve. There is a wide shell-pink-satin waist-band, and a double collar falling low at the back—one of embroidered lawn veiled by one of black Chantilly. Again on the bodice the cretonne wreath is repeated smaller. Another gown, quite the latest arrival from Paris, is purple Ninon over rose-pink. There is an all-over embroidery in mole-grey and pink, and the style is a closely fitting and most neat tabard of the embroidery over the purple and rose. It is simply charming. Whether lingerie after this very up-to-date style is cheap wear I leave those who understand to judge. It is exclusive and stylish to the last degree. Quite different was a picture robe made at the same place for the Countess of Chesterfield, to wear at Windsor last week. It was of bright soft green and gold brocade in picture style, the skirt part slender and slightly draped, the bodice showing an under-berthe of net embroidered in emeralds and diamonds. It was a really lovely gown.

The Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

Everyone was delighted when it was announced that their Majesty's garden party was to be at Buckingham Palace. Some ladies are not so delighted now, for no coveted invitation has come. Buckingham Palace Garden cannot accommodate a quarter of those who received invitations to Windsor. It will be very nice for those who are going, of course, for the gardens are lovely and the lake delightful. No doubt, as in Victorian days, the royal watermen will be in attendance to take guests on the water in small barges. Those who are not going will perhaps regret all the grumbings wherein they indulged about getting to Windsor. A garden party at the Palace is a delightful function. I well remember the last given there by Queen Victoria, and what a wonderful thing it was. The party on Tuesday next week will be brilliant and interesting, but it will not be one quarter large enough to content all those who hoped they would be asked.

Dainty and Delightful Addenda.

A woman's outfit nowadays is a complicated matter, and dress and hat, shoes and gloves are by no means all that is required. The hat won't stick on without pins, and there are never any pockets in the gown. A bag is therefore a necessity. To Mappin and Webb we owe it that it may also be a dainty and delightful addendum to a beautiful costume. They have created a cult in bags. I am sure that I saw a score there the other morning, all different and all beauties. One in fine grained morocco, lined with brown suede, had a good pocket and purse at one side; at the other, dainty little brush, comb, mirror, powder-box—everything necessary to that process called "titivating" necessary to put us on terms

with ourselves after motoring or travelling, or even after walking in our dry and dusty streets. Sabretache-shaped bags in crushed morocco, with flexible silver-gilt or silver borders, handsome cords and tassels, and with a stud set with a cabochon of red stone, surrounded with the French cut-steel marquise-work that looks like fine paste; a pearl-grey seal-leather bag, delicate and fastened with a jewelled stud; one in biscuit-coloured seal, with a flexible silver-gilt edge; shot and corded silk bags in many fascinating colours, with rich and handsome cords, were among the many I saw, leaving me quite puzzled between so many exclusive and daintily finished bags as to which I thought really nicest. Then there were flat morocco-covered manicure-cases, with a very complete set of implements and appliance-holders in ivory and steel—delightful presents. One was a most useful and pretty travelling-companion: it was lined with suede and folded up. Very neat and useful was a pale-mauve crushed-morocco gilt-tooled carriage address-book, with compartments for ladies' and men's cards and one for notes. There was a rose-pink crushed-morocco engagement-book, with slips for each date, which were perforated to tear off. A pale-blue cigarette-box in leather, also decorated with gilt tooling, had an American roll-top. There was a cigar and cigarette box, too, that I much admired, in lovely Coromandel wood with ivory edges and lines of ivory all round. It was lined with white holly-wood grooved and partitioned in such a way that different-sized cigars and cigarettes could be comfortably accommodated. These very up-to-date, useful, and refined Coronation season gifts will be found at Mappin and Webb's, 2, Queen Victoria Street; 158, Oxford Street; or 220, Regent Street.



A FIRST-PRIZE WINNER AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW, MRS. SAMUEL SMITH'S JAPANESE PUPPY, ORIENTAL TOSHIMO.

At the Ladies' Kennel Association's Show, held the other day at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, Mrs. Samuel Smith, of "Slindon," Park Drive, Hampstead, won a first prize with her beautiful Japanese dog-puppy, Oriental Toshimo. She recently gained championship honours with her Oriental Yo-Sen at the Toy-Dog Show at the Crystal Palace.—[Photograph by Russell.]

need of a rest-cure after Thursday. They will be in the Abbey from 8 a.m. until 2.30 p.m., and it may well be two hours later ere they reach their happy homes. Many of them intend to go out later on illumination promenades. We may take our pleasures sadly, but no one can say that we don't take them strenuously. Several ladies intend to go to bed when they get back from the Abbey, and to stay there all next day, for even then there will be much before them.

Poor Peeresses! The proprietresses of coronets will stand in



APPROPRIATELY AQUATIC IN DESIGN: A SILVER BOWL AND CASKET PRESENTED BY ALDERMAN SIR JOHN TURNEY TO THE NOTTINGHAM ROWING CLUB.

Sir John Turney, whose portrait is on the bowl, has presented the trophy to commemorate his fifty-years' membership of the club. The bowl has swan handles and dolphin supports—types of the river and sea, and is decorated with water-lilies and bulrushes, while on the casket lie a pair of oars. There are no crabs in the design, for Notts oarsmen never catch them. The trophy was designed and executed in sterling silver to the order of Messrs. John Perry, Limited, of 10, Argyll Row, Nottingham, by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of the Royal Works, Sheffield, and 158-162, Oxford Street, London, W.; 220, Regent Street, London, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Some very beautiful designs in jewellery are to be seen at the Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-Square. The workmanship is of the finest, being all in platinum, which now costs, by the way, between £9 and £10 an ounce. This jewellery can hold its own, both in quality and moderate price, with anything produced in Paris; it is, indeed, only of late years that it has been possible to buy such goods of British manufacture. A large illustrated catalogue can be obtained free from the Association, the reproductions in it being so good that it is possible for purchasers to make their selection from it and do their shopping through the post. Among the most popular items on the list are the various designs in Coronation jewellery, which take the form of pendants and brooches, ornamented with the crown, thistle, rose, and other patriotic symbols. Some have little revolving globes, whereon the British Colonies are marked in colour. In price they range from thirty shillings to ten guineas. The Association also has a splendid series of pearl sautoirs and necklets, from ten to a thousand guineas, and of diamond tiaras from a hundred guineas

upwards. Among other specially attractive designs may be mentioned a diamond brooch in platinum at thirty guineas; a beautiful whole pearl and diamond tie brooch at £225, with a pendant to match at £150; a diamond and pearl sautoir threaded on platinum wire, at £150; and plaques ranging from £17 15s. to £350.

Continued from page 372.

What's that? I needn't remind you that marriage is a lottery?—and now you are racing towards ruin in some swindling Stock Exchange gamble. I suppose some bosom friend of yours has been telling you that he made a lot of money on the Stock Exchange, eh? But I don't suppose you heard anything of his losings, did you? I am the most meek woman, I know, and I never pry into things that don't concern me; but when you tell me that you have entered upon some vast speculation—

"You only bought a small bull?"

"Ha! that's it! I thought we should get to the truth at last. So you have bought a small bull, have you, Mr. Caudle? And the next thing, I suppose, will be that you go and buy a china-shop to keep it in. Let me tell you, Mr. Caudle, once and for all, that I am not going to look after your wretched animal. I would rather have it killed, and then you could eat the fatted calf-like your other Stock Exchange friends. Friends, indeed! Nice sort of friends they must be to go and drag an unsuspecting ignoramus into a slaughter-house, and make him buy a bull—"

"They are mining shares, did you say?"

"Mining shares indeed! I'd rather it was a bull after all, because then we should be certain of at least a few joints. I have heard you say with your own mouth that a mine was a hole in the ground owned by a liar, and that you have never yet met a man who has done any good to himself by speculating, and now—"

"This is quite different?"

"I wonder how many poor deluded wives and little children have been told that 'this is different,' when the father of a family takes to speculation on the Stock Exchange? As soon as you enter the pitfall for simpletons like yourself, everything is made to look as rosy as the wine which I've no doubt they filled you with when you got inside the place, while they were turning out your pockets, and—"

"You're not allowed to go inside the Stock Exchange?"

"Then that proves every word of what I have been saying! Your precious 'friend'—I should like to tell his wife what I think of her for marrying such an abandoned wretch!—your precious 'friend' goes inside and calls all the men round and says to them, 'Here's a fool named Caudle who has got a sovereign more money than brains, and his wife is out of the way at home, so how shall we get his money?' And then they make up some fine story that wouldn't delude even a woman in a milliner's shop, and—"

"I don't know what I'm talking about?"

"Ha! Mr. Caudle, you always were a good one at trying to

turn a conversation that wasn't agreeable to you. But, of course, I know exactly how it all came about, and there is no use in your trying to throw dust in my eyes—"

"Why don't I sweep the bedroom?"

"That has nothing to do with your speculations, Mr. Caudle. No; the bedroom shall go unswept. How can I afford to buy brooms at a time when you are flinging away your money—"

"What's that, Mr. Caudle? You made a good profit? Tin shares, did you say?"

"Then, dear, why didn't you tell me so before? It's too bad of you to have given me all this misery, and to hear you go on talking as though you had lost all your money—"

"Didn't give you a chance?"

"Oh, come, Caudle, I don't think it is quite fair of you to say that, just as if I had been talking all the time. I always knew what a clever head you had for figures, and I just want you to add up what it will cost me for that new silk dress I know you have been wanting to buy me only we couldn't afford it, and there will be the bonnet to match, dear, and really I don't like to go out with you in such shabby—"

"At this point," adds Caudle, "tired Nature came to my relief, and I fell asleep; to dream of a long procession of Stock Exchange men dressed in new silk dresses and crowns and shabby boots."

Friday, June 16, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

In consequence of the Coronation holidays, we have to go to press earlier than usual, and beg our correspondents' indulgence if some of them do not see their letters answered this week.

B. I.—We should sell the Extension shares and buy Broken Hill Proprietary with the money. The Exploring Land and Exploration have a speculative chance, and we think that you might retain them, in the hope of that Rhodesian revival which good people think is likely to come in the autumn.

HELIOTROPE.—We find it difficult to answer; your purchases were made at such high prices. But the Oil shares, we consider, ought to go. United Sumatra and Merlimans might be kept and the others sold.

GEOGRAPHY.—Have nothing to do with the concern; consult a member of the Stock Exchange, or your banker.

CUBS.—The new Lyons Preferred shares are a good investment of their kind.

FOUR PER CENT.—(1) No doubt you overlooked the list we published in our last week's issue, which was prepared for such cases as your own. (2) You can do better. (3) No need to sell.

CONVINCING REASONS WHY STEWART DAWSON & COMPY LTD.

ARE ABLE TO SAVE YOU 5/- IN THE £



Three Stone Diamond Crossover Ring, 18-ct. Gold, £4 6s.



Diamond Cluster Platinum Set, £6 10s.



Five-Stone Diamond Half-Hoop, 18-ct. Gold, £4 10s.



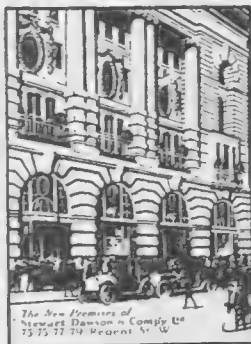
Fine Diamond and Ruby Three-Stone Crossover, £8 10s.



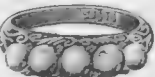
Fine White Diamonds, Platinum Set, £15 10s.



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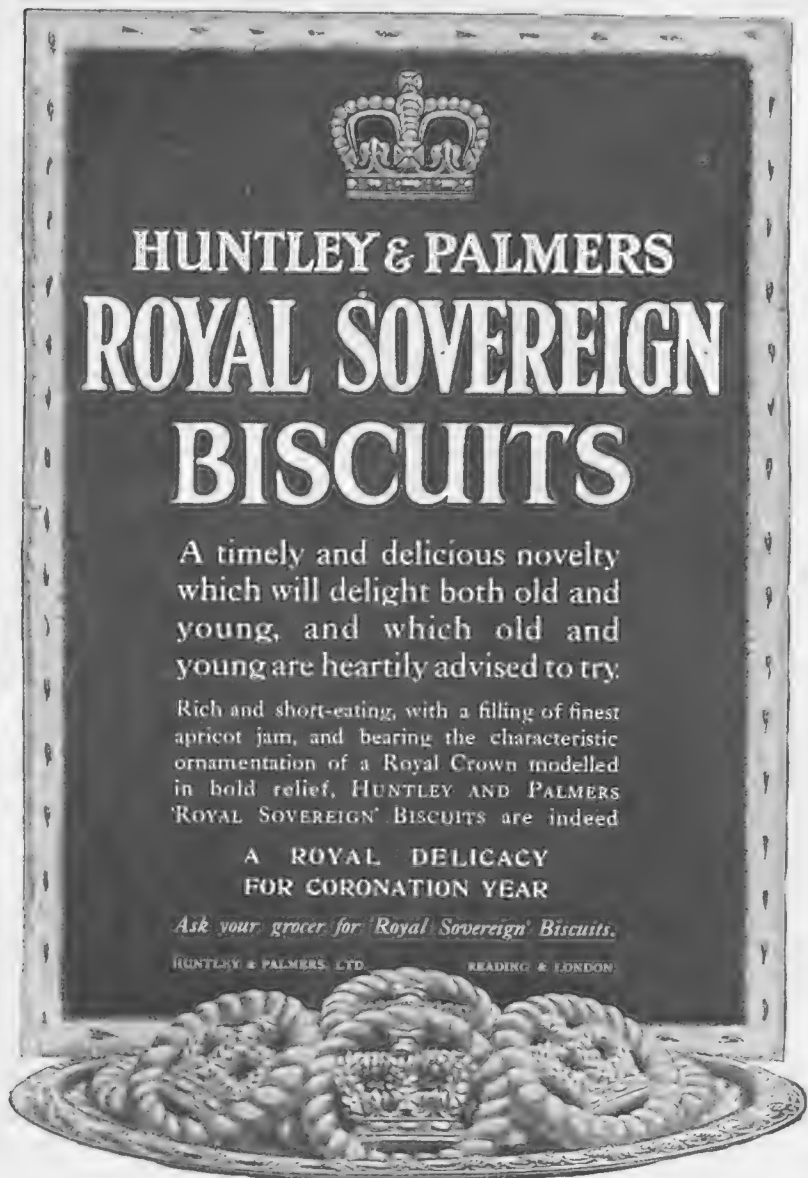
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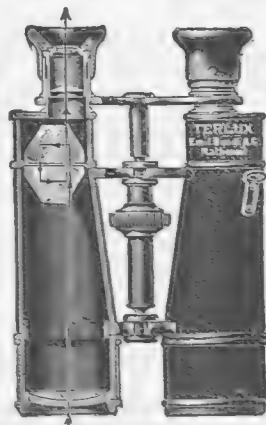
Of liquid powders there is Valaze Snow Lotion (a superb Viennese preparation) for normal skins, at 4/-, 7/-, and 10/6 a bottle, and the same "Special" for greasy skins, at 7/6, 15/-, and 21/- a bottle. These impart to the face an exquisite softness of colour, white, pink, or cream, in which colours all Madame Rubinstein's powders can be procured.

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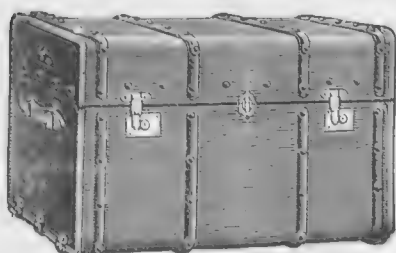
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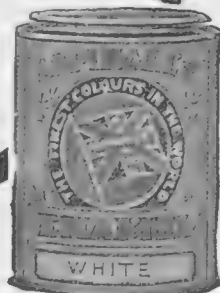
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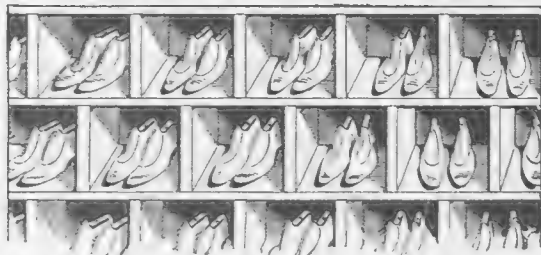
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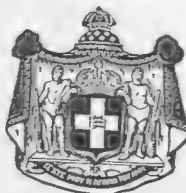
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"In neuralgic and other nerve disturbances consequent on long continuous brain activity, Phosferine fulfils its curative functions most successfully."



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

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"I can confidently recommend Phosferine as a bracing nerve tonic and preventive against fatigue, and a restorative for loss of vitality."



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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
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Hysteria
Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Knocking! Knocking is an engine symptom which must fret the mind of the mechanic automobilist, and sometimes of the hired man he may employ. In an engine which has been in use for some time engine-knocking is generally due to wear—wear of the big-end or gudgeon-pin bearings generally—and a little attention in making these tight will, as a rule, dissipate the trouble. Again, there are here and there engines which suffer from over-lubrication, very often unavoidable and incurable, and with these the lubricating oil slips past the piston-rings and, carbonising in the combustion-chamber, deposits in a fatty mass on the piston-head. Upon this deposit attaining a certain thickness the engine will knock at certain speeds, though the ignition be backed. The only remedy for this is to clear the cylinder and piston-heads of the carbon.

Not Out of the Wood! In my last week's notes I quoted from the letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club on the subject of the Shops Bill, which epistle I presumed to have been put out as a reassurance to motorists, who saw the Bill cutting them off from garage, petrol, oil, and spares at week-ends. Now I am told by a lawyer friend that this assurance is of no use at all, unless excepting clauses to the desired effect appear in the Bill; and if the measure passes in its present form, any police officer or bench of magistrates can proceed and act upon the word of the Act, though a hundred letters had emanated from the Home Office. And having experience of what benches of magistrates all up and down the country are capable at times, it will be delivering us bound into the hands of the foe unless amendments are added to the Bill. This the Royal Automobile Club, through its representatives in Parliament, will endeavour to bring about.

The A.A.'s Book of the Words. "Mulum in parvo" may be said to describe the lately issued Handbook of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, which is the first work of its kind issued under the joint auspices of the amalgamated bodies. The mass of information packed into the 360-page pocket-book is more than astounding, though a glance through the work will astonish the non-member more by the far-reaching effect of this body and its manifold interests. The section devoted to the A.A. and M.U. Patrol System is, perhaps, the more important, as the establishment of this system for the protection of motorists was the provoking cause of the foundation of the A.A. From this section

we learn that the patrol organisation extends over thousands of miles of main road, including Scotland (from April to November); while the neatly uniformed scouts are to be found, to the comfort of their members, on nearly every main road in the Midlands and the South. A list of road agents and recommended hotels must prove extremely useful; while the full advantages offered by the free legal defence system and the A.A. and M.U. insurance policy are made particularly apparent.

The Aerial Gordon Bennett.

A few more particulars as to the Gordon Bennett Aviation Race are to hand. The competition will take place, as already stated, at the Aero Club's flying-ground at Eastchurch, over a course measuring 6 kilometres (equals 3.72 miles) in circuit, which, with twenty-five circuits, will total 150 kilometres, or 93.15 miles. Surely it might have been an old English hundred! The race will start at 11.46½ a.m., which is as near to a quarter to twelve as makes no odds, so that, according to Greenwich Observatory, which says that the sun sets at 8 hours 16 min. 30 sec. on that day, the race will commence exactly 8½ hours before sunset. It is as well to note here that a special enclosure, giving an uninterrupted view of the whole race, will be reserved for motor-cars, at ten shillings per car. Standford Hill, which overlooks the whole of the flying-ground, has been lent to the Club by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford. As this hill forms a natural grand stand, from which every incident of the race can be observed, it is likely to be crowded at a shilling. The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run specials.

The Voiture Légère Race.

On June 25 Boulogne-sur-Mer will rejoice in the great contest for its Grand Prix by voitures légères, or light cars, as we should term them on this side of the Channel. This race will be worth watching, and its description worth reading, for among the forty-four entries are eight British-built cars—to wit, three Arrol-Johnstons, three Calthorpes, one Vauxhall, and one Sunbeam. America is represented by one Ford, but Germany and Belgium have several representatives. The order of starting has been drawn, the British cars getting off seventh, eighth, thirteenth, sixteenth, twenty-third and fourth, and thirty-fourth and fifth. Such world-famous drivers as Hemery (Grégoire), Henriot (Peugeot), Boillot (Peugeot), Bablot (Delage), Coatalen (Sunbeam), Goux (Peugeot), Wagner (Alcyon), Porporato (Grégoire) will be seen at the wheels of the cars bracketed with their names. The cars will be started from Mont Lambert, a point on the course outside Boulogne, at half-minute intervals.

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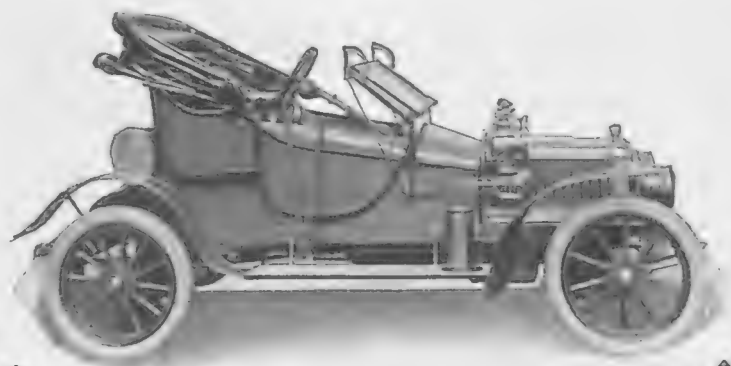
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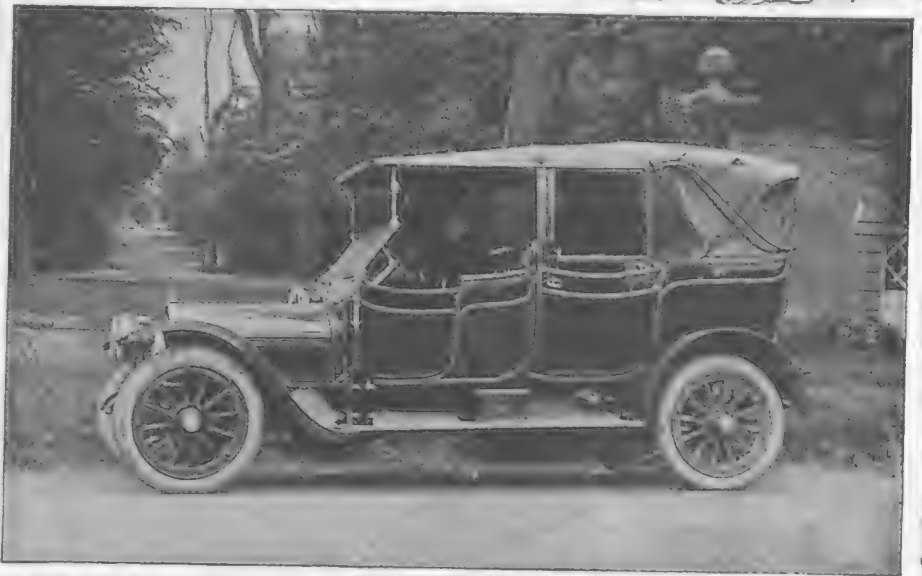
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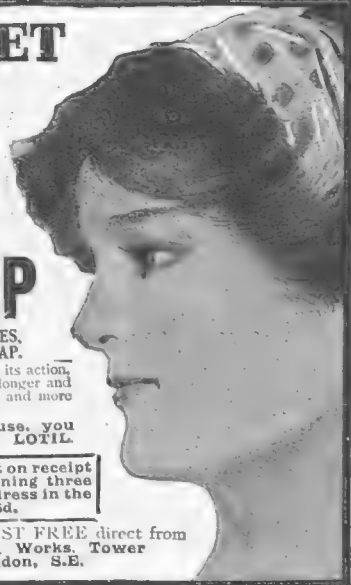
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Padded Russian Coachman; a Permanent "Horse Show," at Cologne; the International Horse Show, at Olympia; the Russian Dancers, at Covent Garden; the Making of a Russian Ballet; Coronation Year Cricket Captains; Mlle. Adeline Genée; and "The Count of Luxembourg," at Daly's.

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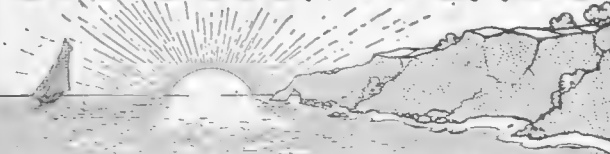
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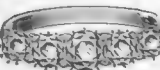
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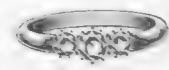
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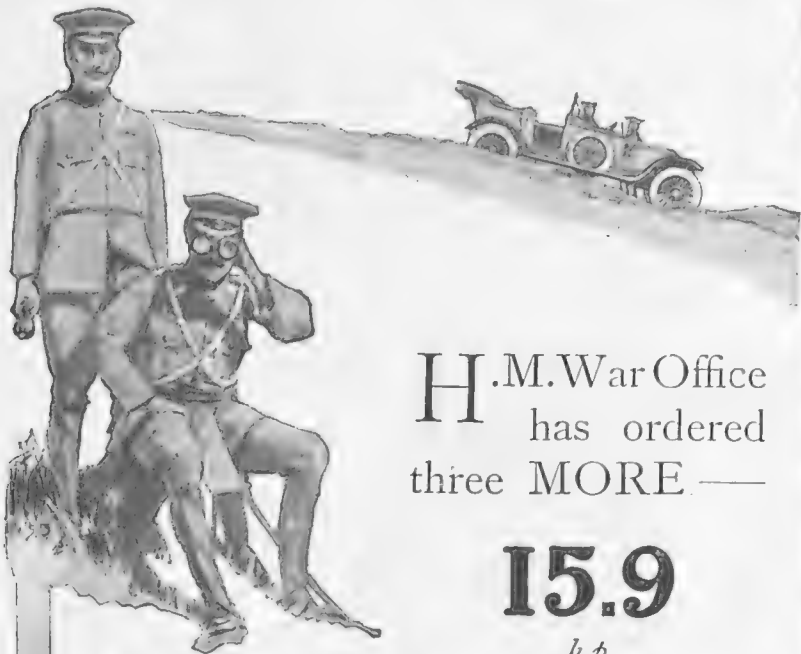
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CORONATION SUPERSTITIONS.

SUCH hosts of superstitions crowd about any great national event that the King will have the heartfelt thanks of the soothsayers for choosing the day which he has appointed for his acceptance of the crown. Well begun is half done, and the date is an auspicious one in that it is the anniversary of the Diamond Jubilee. The public at large may have a short memory for such matters, but there are the faddists and the augurs, such as those who prevented Queen Victoria from being crowned upon the day first fixed—June 26, the date, they reminded her, of the death of her undistinguished uncle, George IV. She postponed the ceremony for a couple of days, but even so she was thought by a certain small clique to be flying in the face of Providence by attending her Coronation upon a fast day—the Vigil of St. Peter. King Edward also first chose June 26, and there were not wanting those who regarded the date as ill-omened, inasmuch as it marked the anniversary of the Coronation of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, which took place upon the day and upon the throne appointed for Edward V., who, between the fixing and the arrival of the day, had “met with his death.”

But the “omens” which the nervous student of these matters of mystery and State most regards are events apart from dates. Henry I. was crowned during an unseemly quarrel between rival prelates, who struggled for the right to place the crown upon his head. They necessarily precipitated the wars which marred the reign, and provided a prelude to the loss by drowning of the King’s eldest son. That, at any rate, is the significance of the incident in the literature of omens. Stephen did not receive the kiss of peace, so reigned without ruling amid anarchy, while his barons burned and pillaged at their sweet will, and died discrowned. The see of Canterbury contains those who will still fervently subscribe to the story that the wars and troubles of the reign of Henry II. were the outcome of the crowning being performed by the prelate of York, in the absence of Becket in exile. Not even the charms of Fair Rosamond quite soothed the sorrows, it is held, which the King endured as the logical consequence of that mis-crowning.

Richard I. must have felt very shaky when, at his Coronation, the bells suddenly clanged wildly out a peal not rung by hands. The Jews, who were handy chopping-blocks in those free-and-easy days, paid heavy toll in the course of a general massacre by way of expiating this offence, with which, of course, they had no more to do than the man in the moon. But the two incidents fashioned a first-class omen. John laughed untimely at his investiture, and laughed the regal spear out of his hand; and the effect was the loss

of Normandy, whose emblem the spear was. For all his many faults, John had some humour. He finished up by playing a joke on the devil—getting himself disguised in the cowl of a monk and buried between two legitimate wearers of the garb, to the intent that he might lie hidden from the search of his under-lord.

It is so easy to predict after the event. A thunderstorm which caused the Abbey to quake when Henry V. was making himself King was recognised, afterwards, as the fitting precursor to the ruinous fires which razed Norwich and Gloucester, as a sort of pyrotechnic obligato to the wars which raged while he was King. Bloody Mary’s head ached so with the weight of the crown that she was fain to support her forehead with her hand. She removed so many other heads afterwards as to make it little creditable to the soothsayers that they inferred from the act nothing more specific than a general “woe betide Protestantism.” The fact that she avoided the usual coronation chair and took one which had received papal benediction might have sufficed for that.

James I and Charles, his son, both went to the Abbey under forbidding conditions. Plague harried the capital, and the wisest fool in Christendom trembled through the ceremony to an accompaniment of thunder and play of lightning. But as the plague kept the populace away, his nerves stood the shock the better. Still, the inauguration of the house of Stuart was ill-omened to the thinking of writers of the time. Omens attended the enthronisation of Charles, not in single spies but in whole battalions. He went clad in white instead of regal purple, through a plague-stricken capital, to take in hand a sceptre of which the dove of peace had come by a broken wing. He was proclaimed, not as the “indubitable,” but as the “dubitable” heir to the throne, and the whole ceremony had to be postponed through the raging illness of the populace. To make matters worse, the congregation saw in the exordium a funeral sermon rather than an exhortation to a ruling monarch; and to crown all, the unction was administered by a prelate who had shot a poacher.

All was merry and bright for Charles II., but James II., who the Merrie Monarch foretold would “have to travel again,” started shockingly. The crown tottered upon his head and almost fell; the canopy was torn above him, and when the signal was given that the ceremony had been consummated, the flag upon the Tower was rent in two by a gust of wind.

What did the prophets say of Anne, unable to stand unaided at her crowning; of the strike preceding the Coronation of George III., and of the fall of the great diamond from his crown as he set the luter upon his head? Men declared that the fall of the diamond presaged the loss of America, then the brightest jewel in the British Crown.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Happy Vanners."By KERLE HOWARD.
(Gossett's.)

There is certainly a something in the best and kindest of us that rejoices in the discomfort of our neighbour. Who has not enjoyed the misfortunes of Mr. Winkle on skates?—who has not enjoyed the adorable Pickwick's breach-of-promise case?—and have we not all derived pleasure from the tragic miseries of the parent whom a freakish chance had tumbled into the body of his own little son? Therefore, it is the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Kerle Howard's Vanners to make us happy at moments when they are themselves the least so. There are many of these moments; but though the humours of caravanning may be obvious, for this very reason they need discreet treatment if they are to be really funny. The party of five who arrange to spend a week in Shakespeare's country with a hired caravan begin to be funny before they meet on the departure platform of Paddington Station. There is Mr. Catcheside, who holds a position of trust in the City, "very busy and important with a sheet of notepaper and a pencil. He is the kind of man who likes to get everything 'down on paper.'" There is his wife, the Duchess, who married chiefly because she was so terrified of burglars; there is her sister Prudence—"dear little Prudence," as the organiser of the affair calls her, and well he may, seeing how hopelessly she is in love with him; there is the organiser, prepared to be as entertaining as Mr. Howard himself; and, fifthly, the stout artist-man with a sketch-book. Before starting, duties are assigned to and accepted by each. Mr. Catcheside sees in himself the driver, the artist modestly consents to be a chef, the Duchess undertakes the housemaid's place, Prudence the scullion's, and her ingenious young man is to be their Business Manager and Ambassador to the farmers and villagers. "Requires a certain amount of tact, you know," as he explained. It remains for happy readers to continue this promising excursion. A horse and dog add much to the gaiety of vanners; lovers of horses and dogs will delight to find such generous sympathy for them. But Bob, the one-eyed horse, had a narrow escape. "I'm quite certain there's something the matter with him," said the Duchess. "I've been watching him for the last hour, and he's eaten nothing." "You must expect him to stop eating occasionally," said her husband. . . . When we came up to them, the Duchess was holding a chocolate almond just under Bob's nose, and imploring him to try and eat it. Old Bob still stared solemnly into space. "The poor thing seems to be in a sort of trance," observed Prudence." The vet, subsequently summoned, conducted a strict inquiry into Bob's diet, with this

result, which he handed to the Duchess, saying, "'I'll send my lad along with some stuff that'll put him right. . . . Pin that list up inside the van, and, whenever you're feeling particularly tender-hearted, just go and have a read at it.'—"

"For being blind in one eye—1 lb. chocolate biscuits.
For being deprived of treat on river—clotted Devonshire cream.
For being frightened by motor-car—two green figs.
For having nose tickled by flies—prawns in aspic.
For pulling van up steep hill—chicken-and-veal sand wiches.
For fetching fire-engine—sweetbread with tomato.
Whenever looking lonely—chocolate almonds *ad lib.*"

There are plenty of jokes as good as this in Mr. Howard's merry book: see, for example, Catch's labour of making himself comfortable; and deeper notes, too, like the poignant story of the Shabby Little Man.

"The Ninth Duchess."By GURNER GILLMAN.
(Greening.)

Mr. Gillman has given us another romance in the setting of "Her Suburban Highness." The beautiful little Princess of Garstein is more than something of a shrew, and much of the story is concerned with the difficulties of her gallant English bridegroom. Fortunately, he lived nearer to Ibsen than did Petruchio. A secondary interest is a pretty rendering of a subject chosen by Mrs. Browning for a poem. But Prince Max had more sense of humour than Mrs. Browning's Early Victorian crusader, so wedding-peals chime also for Meg the page. A Hanoverian King is said to sit on the English throne meanwhile; but the general deportment suggests a Tudor dynasty, the matter a golden age of Arthurian legend, and its relation the dry, self-conscious wit of the twentieth century.

"The Path of Glory."By PAUL LELAND
HAWORTH.
(Ham-Smith.)

After explaining that "The Path of Glory" is a phrase from Gray's Elegy, and that the entire verse in which it occurs is quoted by Wolfe, strangely melancholy, as the British boats floated him along it to the Heights of Abraham, it will be evident that Mr. Haworth writes of those stirring times when English and French fought for the possession of Canada, their gay, familiar European uniforms moving against a bizarre background of Redskin warriors. Mr. Haworth's hero, Cuckier, if less glorious than Wolfe, yet treads a fairly brilliant road of difficulty and danger. Chivalry, resource, and valour—without a "u"—are his attributes; he has Washington for friend; and, of course, his little lady-love, in spite of being a thought sententious, is entirely sweet and desirable. They rescue each other from the toils of a most satisfactory villain more than once; to him, as to the lovers, poetic justice falls. And the path of glory leads to the marriage altar.

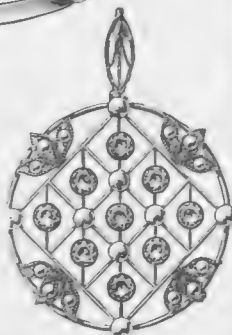
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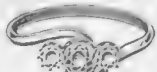
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A good recipe

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Chivers' Lemon or Orange Jelly, one pint packet. Penny Sponge Cakes (4 or 5); cream one gill.

Dissolve the jelly according to directions. Put the cakes into a glass dish, and when the jelly is cool, pour it over them and let stand until the jelly is set. Whip cream until fairly stiff, and pile on top of the jelly.

(The Cream may be omitted, if desired).

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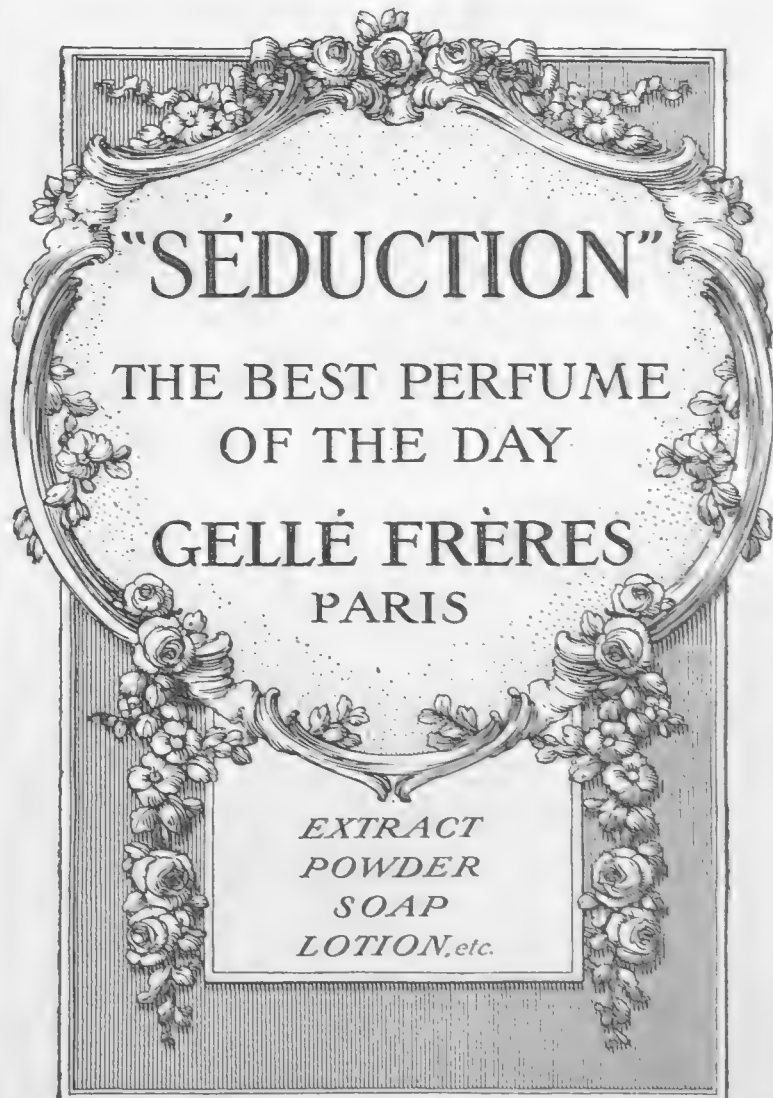
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WORLD'S WHISPERS.

*Lord Ronald's
Memories.*

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has just become the possessor of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower's Marie Antoinette relics. But Lord Ronald at least retains memories and affections which he need not "realise" except upon paper. "I can never remember," he says, "a time when Marie Antoinette did not interest me beyond all other subjects. It has been an ever-increasing attraction, this feeling of sympathy for one of the bravest characters in modern history." The attachment may be called hereditary. For Lord Ronald's grandmother was the Queen's friend, and, "though not a soft woman, would cry if she heard her abused." Everywhere Lord Ronald has sought the people and the places that would help him to reconstruct for himself her career. He ransacked France for news of her, but it was at Windsor Castle that he came, perhaps, closest in association with his heroine. In talking with Queen Victoria he made sure, by a direct query, that she had danced with a man—Lord Huntley—who had danced a *menuet* with Marie Antoinette.

*Feller and
Bracelet.*

Much of Lord Ronald's most successful work with the chisel is inspired by "la pauvre Reine," as the Empress Eugénie always calls one with whom she claims a special power of sympathy. Neither Lord Ronald nor his models for the life-size statue spared any pains to be realistic. A friend, whose little hands were admirably suited to be copied for the Queen's, allowed them to be tied together behind her, and then to have them moulded in plaster. The mark that the cord left on the soft wrists was healed by a bracelet that recorded her kindness and endurance.

Superstitions?

Strangest among all Lord Ronald's memories of his Marie Antoinette adventures is one that passed in the Empress Eugénie's drawing-room in old days at Chislehurst. When he made his adieux, the Empress gave him a little alabaster bust of this "Queen of Sorrows,"—a very unflattering presentment which the Empress nevertheless had been at the pains to rescue when she fled from Paris. The Empress told the story of that flight of her own with so much gesture that she knocked the little bust from the table. Lord Ronald picked it up, only to find that the head had been severed from the shoulders as cleanly as by an axeman's knife. "Poor Queen!" cried the Empress with emotion, adding, "It is not by chance!" And she recounted how a similar thing had happened when a bust of Louis XVI. was sent to his daughter, the Duchesse

d'Angoulême, who, on opening the parcel, found the head severed from the neck, and had the same experience a second time when a bronze bust arrived to take the place of the first.

*Bearings Not to
be Borne.*

Perhaps not everybody reading the *Times* protest against the continuous use of bearing-reins during the Coronation festivities would recognise in the signature "Elizabeth Butler" the painter of "The Roll-Call." Yet the association adds weight to the plea therein put forth, for Lady Butler in that picture proved herself a true student of horse-attitudes, to the discomfiture of many an old campaigner who wrote columns of criticism to the *Times*—the good old *Times*! Instantaneous photography came a little later to vindicate the lady who had learned on which leg a horse leaned in a certain position, and knew his knee by heart! It is precisely this knowledge of horse-anatomy which gives force to Lady Butler's appeal to coachmen to unhook the bearing-rein during the long hours of the horses' waiting for their owners at ease (let us at least hope it) during long Court functions. Lady Butler says that her own pleasure at many a splendid ceremony has been killed by the thought of the suffering inflicted by bearing-reins on the horses in waiting; and that is why she now cries out "Mercy!"

*In Grosvenor
Square.*

Are all Lord Strathcona's friends in England? In Canada his circle is almost as wide as the Dominion itself, but to see him surrounded last week at Lady Perks' reception, and on the following day at his own and Lady Strathcona's, was to observe a leviathan of a man in his natural element. Hands, hands everywhere, and everyone to shake—he claimed them all as eagerly as they claimed his. From the Archbishop of Canterbury to Lord Kitchener, from Miss La Palme—her brilliant and industrious soprano hushed for the time being—to Sir Squire Bancroft, from Premier to Premier, he greeted them with unfailing readiness and recognition.

Not Cricket.

Lord Lonsdale may well ask himself if some classes of his fellow-countrymen are not losing the art of taking a beating handsomely. Few boxing-matches are lost by Englishmen nowadays without a hint that the victor fouled, or the referee made a muddle. Another instance of this new spirit that seems to have arisen among our sportsmen is the statement by a leading critic that the Olympia Horse Show prizes for jumping went to foreigners because of—Olympia! It would seem, in this case, that excellence, either of rider or horse, had nothing to do with the result. "The truth is, the place is unfit for jumping—too prettily narrow and artificial for horse psychology in action. It is all very

(Continued on page v.)

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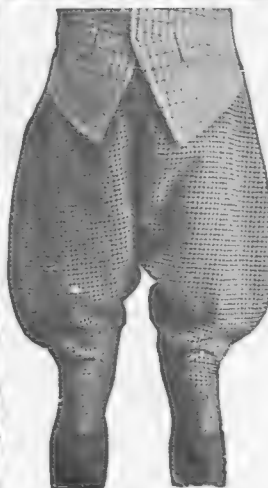
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(Continued.)

well for the prim performances of a pet hackney in harness, but carrying a man over a good fence means a degree of excitement that does not fit in a space so small and so far removed from nature." So, of course, the horses did not like it; no amount of rehearsal could make them feel quite at home; and with the arena shifted to a more natural situation "it is pretty certain that the bulk of the results would be reversed"! That is the prevailing note. No horseman will disagree with a part of it, but every true sportsman, including Lord Lonsdale, will renounce the spirit that dictates the concluding words, and with the inconsistency of arranging a show and inviting foreign competitors, and then informing them that their victories are worthless because of the conditions.

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Manners and the Mohammedan. Lord Kilmorey's task is not so formidable as the clubman who finds it difficult to address anybody more alien than an American jockey or a French waiter would have him believe. Eastern potentates on former visits have had a way of gaining for themselves the reputation of being "regular Turks," and Hatfield still gasps at its experiences of a Shah. One of the ladies of the house-party there found two gentlemen of the Persian suite sitting on her bed when she went to dress for dinner; and King Edward was himself obliged to ask two others not to experiment with unfamiliar firearms on the crowded lawn. Of quite another character is Lord Kilmorey's august charge. He can be just as humble as he is dignified, and when he relaxes any unnecessary formalism he can justify his action by the saying of the admired Caliph Omar, who fetched himself water from a fountain while the fountain-slave was sleeping. To one who protested that he should not wait upon himself, he answered: "I rose, and I was Omar; I returned, and I am Omar."

The turf and the Turf. For a fortnight there have been more people in London than London is meant to hold, and loopholes of escape from the stress of the streets, the restaurants, receptions, and parties have been few.

Ascot was the great reviver, the one valid excuse for flying from town. The turf of the Turf is more restful than the stones of Piccadilly, softer than the carpets of Mayfair, and its pile—when it has any—higher than the best that Axminster affords. The most successful Ascot house-parties were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord and Lady Derby, Mr. Waldorf Astor, Mrs. Adair, and Lord and Lady Roberts. The hero of Candahar is of the severe school of soldiers that bears little suggestion of the Turf. His speaking in the House of Lords, like his campaigning in Afghanistan, is done in grim earnest; he has nothing of the inconsequence that characterises the sailor ashore, and takes him sailing to the races. Lord Roberts lives at Ascot, and this—and the Irish that is in him—is enough to make him, and his friends, relish the Week.

Cambridge undergraduates maintained their reputation for good-humoured irreverence in the little incident which enlivened the proceedings in the Senate House last week on the occasion of conferring degrees upon distinguished Imperial statesmen. When it came to General Botha's turn, there was a crash on the paved floor, and some of the strangers present perhaps thought for the moment that a bomb had been thrown. But the Dons sitting by, being familiar with such episodes even at the most solemn moments, made no move towards the suspicious object which had fallen, like a bolt from the blue, from the gallery above, with which it remained connected by a coloured ribbon. Not till the end of the ceremony did someone pick it up and hand it to the new Doctor of Law, who found it to consist of nothing more explosive than half-a-pound of Boer "baccy" and a fine calabash pipe—the pipe of that "peace" in which the Public Orator had said he was "a man conspicuous" as well as in war.

In his encomium on Sir Joseph Ward at the same ceremony the Public Orator at Cambridge, Dr. Sandys, quoted Rudyard Kipling, to whom he aptly referred as "the Poet Laureate of the British Empire." Mr. Kipling will hardly feel his laurels to be seriously endangered by his namesake in America who, run in for drunkenness at Bloomfield, New Jersey, the other day, gave his name as Rudyard Kipling, remarking, "'Tis my only fault," and asking to be allowed to return to England and his "verselets." In "verselets" he answered the questions of the Bench, and judgment was pronounced—"Thirty days for Rudyard." Some years ago a rather similar case occurred in London, when one William Watson was brought up before Mr. Lane, the magistrate. In this case, however, the poetic name was not assumed, but a pure coincidence, the joy whereof lay in the fact that the other Mr. Lane—of the Bodley Head—was Mr. Watson's publisher.



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X-RAYING JACK JOHNSON'S SKULL

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—Though it takes an X-ray or Röntgen-ray from five to fifteen seconds to penetrate the skull of the average human being and make an exposure on a plate, yet the shortest time in which the X-ray could be sufficiently sent through the muscle-covered, cartilaginous, and heavily protected head of Jack Johnson in order to make a radiograph picture was five-and-a-half minutes. If James J. Jeffries had known what surgical and medical experts now know, after taking an X-ray picture of Jack Johnson, would Jeffries have fought the coloured champion in Reno last 4th of July?

Through the courtesy of Dr. Werner Roehl, Superintendent of the German Hospital at San Francisco, we are enabled to present for the first time a remarkable radiograph picture of Jack Johnson's head. The experts found that the brain-cavity of the coloured champion has a skull-protection of from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and that the occipital adhesion is equal almost to that of a Harveyised-nickel turret. A blow which would probably kill an ox or a steer at a stockyard would barely tickle Jack Johnson. He has been constructed to withstand all but the impact of a steel projectile from a twelve-inch gun.

The average man's skull is from one-eighth to one-half inch in thickness. The brain-cavity of the world's champion pugilist is larger than that of the average man, and it is set on a dome which

is almost impregnable. The muscular covering of the big black fighting machine is so great that it took the utmost skill of Joseph Kleber, a Röntgen-ray operator who is locally celebrated in San Francisco, to get a picture of the internal workings of the subject in a little over five minutes.

Surgical and medical experts of wide local reputation gathered recently at the German Hospital to study the interior workings of the world's champion pugilist, and they pronounced him probably the least vulnerable man ever born. They say that probably no human being has ever been found to have the same protection of muscle and bone as has the jolly tar-baby giant, who is recognised as the champion ring-fighter of all time.

London is always ready to adopt a new slang term, and perhaps it may catch on to the words in which a man of the 7th Gurkhas replied to his Honorary Colonel, Lord Kitchener, at Hampton Court the other day. "K. of K." was going round among the men, after his inspection of the Indian Coronation contingent, asking them whether they liked England and how they were getting on. "Ah," said one of the Gurkhas, with a smile that showed his gleaming teeth, "raza bazy!" This, a familiar colloquialism in the Gurkhas' native land, being interpreted, means something like "happy and contented"—in other words, a little bit of Indian "all right." Among the native troops of India, by the way, the ex-Commander-in-Chief is known by the generic name of "Jung-i-lât Sahib," or "Lord of Battles."

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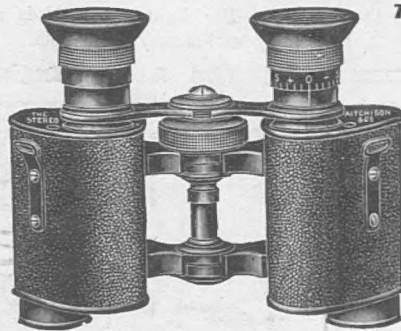
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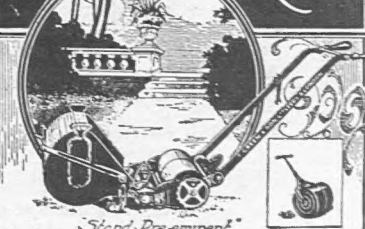
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